McKean County Miner.

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SENATOR HANNA DIED MONDAY.

The End Came at 6:40 p. m. Monday From Typhoid Fever.

ONE OF OUR GREATEST NOBLE MEN.

The Whole Nation in Sorrow—Had Been Ill Two Months—Funeral at Washington Yesterday—Burial at Cleveland.

Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna died at 6:40 o'clock Monday evening, at the family apartments in the Arlington Hotel, Washington, after an illness extending over nearly two months, filled with apparent recoveries, followed by relapses and finally drifting into typhoid fever, which in his weakened condition he was unable to withstand. When the end came all the members of the Senator's family were in the room except Mrs. Hanna, the Senator's wife, and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hanna. Mrs. Hanna had left the room only a few minutes before.

During the day Mrs. Hanna, who had been at the bedside of her husband almost constantly, was taken with a severe headache and, after taking a narcotic, had gone to another room to get a little rest. The last sinking spell came at 6:30 and Mr. and Mrs. Dan Hanna had gone to summon her, but before she could reach his bedside Senator Hanna had expired. Mrs. Hanna bears up wonderfully under her great sorrow.

For two days previous to his death Senator Hanna had not been conscious except at intervals, and then only to obey mechanically some instructions given him by his physicians. Fourteen hours before the end was announced Hig had practically suspended, the flickering spark being kept aglow by the most powerful scientific agencies. Five minutes before death came, Gen. Charles A. Dick came from the bedside with the announcement, "He is worse and only has a few minutes at the most."

When the news of his death came it was almost like a shock, although it was expected. No attempt was made to restrain grief. Senators Fairbanks, Scott and Kittridge broke down. Gen. Dick wept his sorrow at the loss of a friend, who had been as a brother. His associations with Senator Hanna were born in politics, but became bonds firm as though bred in the blood. None knew Senator Hanna well but to admire him and the slender step from admiration to love was crossed in the days of anxiety which attended the Senator's illness. So it was that conversations were a curious admixture of whispers and choked sobs.

Spontaneous outbursts of unrestrained tribute were heard on every side. Men who are acknowledged leaders of their political parties, kings of finance and commerce, and men selected to serve in the highest positions in the nation, were among those who expressed the country's immeasurable loss.

President Roosevelt, Postmaster General Payne and many Senators and friends called personally on the family and expressed their sympathy and sorrow of his great loss, both to his family and the Nation.

In the death of Senator Hanna the United States loses one of its greatest men, and the general sorrow throughout this country is almost as intense as when President McKinley passed away. Together President McKinley and Senator Hanna rose from comparative obscurity to two of the greatest statesmen our country has ever produced. Mr. Hanna's position on labor questions has made him the most popular man with the laborer in this country and in his death all feel that they have lost a dear friend.

Mr. Cannon, Speaker of the House of Representatives, said: "As business man, political manager and legislator, combining the qualifications which distinguish men in each of these groups, Mr. Hanna was the most forceful citizen of the United States. Others may have done greater work in each of these lines of endeavor, but no man of this or preceding times, so far as my recollection of study of our history, goes, has combined these qualifications and deserved and won greater distinction in each and all. And he, more than any citizen of his time, welded these interests together fulfilling the highest idea of the statesman. To him the great business and labor interests and the great body of the people turned, having full confidence in his judgment and patriotism, making him the most trusted arbiter in the most important public question arising for solution. His death is a public loss in the full measure of that expression."

Secretary of the Treasury Shaw was deeply affected when news of Senator Hanna's death was brought to him. Mr. Shaw said: "Senator Hanna was one of the noblest characters I ever knew. As a business man he was very successful; as a politician he ranked with the most potent; as a statesman he was broad-minded, far-seeing and intensely patriotic, and as a friend he was the truest of the true. Not by luck nor by circumstances did he work his way from a position quite generally misunderstood to universal respect and confidence. It was real character, real patriotism and real worth. His loss is national and in the sad bereavement the humblest will be participant."

Secretary Cortelyou said: "Senator Hanna's death is a personal grief to me. Circumstances brought me frequently in contact with him and I came to know him as one of the ablest and manliest of the really great men in public life. He was the sturdiest of fighters in any cause he championed; he had stern convictions of duty; he was great hearted, big brained and loyal in the supremest test of friendship. Notwithstanding his remarkably rapid rise in national affairs and his commanding position before the people, he was modest and unassuming and he was one of the most considerate of men. His death is a great loss to the country."

Simplicity marked the features of the funeral services which were held in Washington yesterday. The remains were taken to Cleveland, Ohio, for burial.

"The Beauty Doctor."

HENRIETTA LEE AS THE BEAUTY DOCTOR.

Manager Fred B. Wright was four months in selecting the forty girls who make up the chorus of The Beauty Doctor. Kerr and Shelly's latest musical success which Mr. Wright will present with the original company at the Lyceum Saturday evening, February 20. In nearly every city where this "beauty chorus" has been seen this season photographers have besieged the management with requests for permission to photograph the girls. A feature unusual in musical comedy choruses is that these girls can sing; indeed, the quality of their vocal work is such as to give "The Beauty Doctor" a decided operatic atmosphere.

Child Fatally Burned.

A 5-months-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine of Duke Centre was fatally burned yesterday morning at the home of the parents. The little one had been left sitting in a high chair before a gas stove while the mother went to call on a neighbor for a few moments. During the absence of Mrs. Erskine the chair toppled over on the stove. The child's screams attracted the attention of the mother, who hurried home. She discovered the child burned in a fearful manner and the chair on fire. The child was so badly burned that it died before medical help could reach the scene. Coroner B. H. Hall of this city was notified of the occurrence, but deemed an inquest unnecessary. The parents are prostrated with grief over the terrible death of their child. They have the sympathy of all in their affliction. A carpet in the house ignited from the burning clothing, but the blaze was extinguished without difficulty.—Tuesday's Bradford Era.

Big Fire at Olean.

A fire which started in Joseph Heneman's saloon on North Union street, Olean, Saturday morning destroyed that building; the old Academy of Music, which was called the Rouse Hotel; a building called the Bateman House, owned by Mrs. E. W. Stickney, and a building owned by R. M. Whitney used by a billiard room keeper. Several dwelling houses were also damaged. Loss, $10,000; insurance, $6,000.

While the firemen were working at the above fire, a second alarm was rung in. The firemen were called to the First National bank building, opposite the city hall. An electric light wire in a closet over the office of Mayor Waring started the blaze. $1,000 damage was done to the building and its contents, the heaviest loser being Mr. Waring, whose law library was partly ruined. The loss is fully covered by insurance. A number of tenants, including the bank people, had minor losses.

D. C. Young will give with all cash purchases, this week and next week, Double Purple Trading Stamps. New spring goods received daily. Make your selection early and get Double Trading Stamps.

Lost—Between the Backus building and Wright House, a small locket, set with diamonds. Finder please return to this office. Reward.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT LARABEE.

Brakeman McCarten of Buffalo Killed at Larabee Yesterday Morning.

BODY WAS SEVERED AT WAIST.

The Young Man Slipped and Fell Between the Cars—Many Cars Passed Over Him.

LARABEE, Feb. 18. [Special]—An accident occurred here early yesterday morning, which resulted in the death of a young man by the name of McCarten, a brakeman on one of the morning freight trains. He had made the coupling in the yards here and had given the signal for starting, and after the train was in motion was making his way over to the engine when he slipped and fell between the cars. Almost the entire train passed over him, severing his body near the waist line, and smearing the rails with the flesh and blood for some distance.

At Eldred they found the lantern hanging upside down on a stake at the rear of a car and realized that an accident had occurred. They ran back to Larabee and found him in the condition described.

He was a resident of Buffalo and was unmarried.

Two Strenuous Women.

A woman woodcutter is rather a novel thing, yet there is one living within six miles of Bradford. Her name is Mrs. Pierce and she lives on a farm at Limestone. She has resided in the woods all her life and when it comes to cutting chemical wood she can outdo any of the men. Last week she came to Bradford in search of her partner who was cutting wood with her, to obtain her share of the money. She can wield the axe, or saw large logs as readily as any of the men. She is small in stature, but is quite heavy and possesses great strength.

Besides cutting wood she has a farm and with her daughter, who is 11 years old, tills the soil and brings the garden stuff to this city and sells it. She is a hard, energetic worker and manages to make a good living. She has 26 sheep, nine cows and a team and cares for them all without the assistance of the stronger sex.—Bradford Herald.

This item recalls to mind that a young lady who lives on a farm a few miles from Smethport was given the use of a number of acres of land last spring by her father. The girl assisted in ploughing and dragging the same, did the planting and raised great quantities of the finest onions, beets, radishes, lettuce, cabbages, potatoes, etc. She sold the vegetables in surrounding towns and made a snug sum of money from her industry. During the haying season she worked in the fields for her father, doing a man's work and receiving a man's pay. The young lady is well educated and of pleasing appearance. She is a believer in the strenuous life theory and expects to conduct farming operations on a much larger scale during the coming season.

Clermont's New Industry.

A new industrial enterprise was launched at the office of Attorney John Whitmore, in this place on Saturday last. The principal stockholders are Quinn & Sherman of Straight; J. G. Whitmore, Esq., of Ridgway and Barclay Brothers of Sinnemahoning. The new company has been chartered by the State Department as the Clermont Sewer Pipe Company, with a capital stock of $150,000, fully paid. They will manufacture sewer pipe, tile and other clay products. The officers of the company are as follows:

President, M. F. Quinn of Straight; Vice President, C. F. Barclay of Sinnemahoning; Secretary and Treasurer, W. E. Ringrose of Binghamton, N. Y.

The office and works will be located at Clermont, McKean county, just over the Elk county border line. Their location is between the tracks of the Pennsylvania and the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern railroads, and they will have siding connections with both. They have secured a fine property, and prospects are bright for a prosperous business.—Ridgway Daily Record.

"The Beauty Doctor."

The Bradford Era of yesterday has the following to say of the attraction which appears at the Lyceum on Saturday evening:

"The Beauty Doctor," a musical comedy, delighted a large audience last night at the New Bradford Theatre. It is practically devoid of plot, but that fact doesn't impair its excellence, the performance being devoted to a continuous series of vaudeville numbers, all of which are commendable. The audience demonstrated its approval of the performers' efforts from the beginning and the response to encores was given with a vim. The production is clean-cut in all particulars and was thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators.

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ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Mr. Asahel Wright of Glenn, this county, called in the office this week to look after his paper account. He is now 83 years of age and in perfect health. He served in the war of 1812 and consequently draws a pension. What seems to us strange is the fact that he never saw a railroad car and although he lives within ten or twelve miles of Olean he has not been to that place in 27 years. Mr. Wright is a man of intelligence, but he has not much of a roving disposition. One of his daughters, L. Ellen Wright, has for many years been corresponding secretary of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars.

As the team belonging to the Elk and McKean Railway was standing in front of the court house yesterday morning a bolt gave way letting the wagon to which they were attached apart, the forward end of the box coming to the ground and precipitating in a promiscuous heap the four or five engineers occupying the wagon. Fortunately no one was injured, otherwise than the drawing of the claret rather freely from Mr. King. We chronicle this as the first accident on the Elk and McKean Railway.

An accident occurred to H. Herring on Saturday, July 6, 1872, which came near being fatal. Mr. Herring, in company with one or two others, was drawing hay, he being on top of the load. In some way he fell off the load, striking on his face. At this moment the horses started, drawing wagon and all over him. One wheel passed over his legs below the thigh and the other over his back. Dr. Freeman was summoned and on inspection found there were no bones broken. We noticed Mr. Herring on the street two days after the accident, so we conclude he is fast recovering.

Married, at the residence of the bride's father in Port Allegany, on Tuesday, July 2, 1872, by the Rev. H. Peck, Mr. L. O. Chadwick and Miss Martha Palmer.

Improvements still go on in town. Henry Herring is building a new house on King street, west of the Methodist parsonage, and we notice a new dwelling near Dan Forsyth's in Mechanicsburg. D. R. Hamlin's new house on Main street is well under way. Haskell's new barn will probably be raised this week. Frank Wright is repairing the old barn opposite Mrs. O. E. Bennett's residence. The frame to Ira Gleason's new store is up and the building will in a few weeks be ready for occupancy.

As Chas. Horchkiss of Liberty township in company with two others were riding in the vicinity of Wm. Siman's on Friday, July 19, 1872, an accident occurred which resulted in the death of Horchkiss. It appears that the buggy was driven over a cow that happened to be lying in the road—the animal springing to her feet while the vehicle was passing over her body, upsetting it and those within. Horchkiss was hurt about the head, but his injuries were not regarded as serious. The party went on to Port Allegany, after which young Horchkiss went to his sister's house and laid down, complaining some of his injuries. His head was bathed in camphor and he went to sleep. Some time afterwards his friends approached his side with a view of waking him, when they found he had expired.

Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Curtis were thrown from a buggy last Thursday, August 1, and quite severely though not dangerously hurt.

A very sad accident happened Frank, only son of Hon. A. N. Taylor, Saturday night, August 10. The Republicans of this community were celebrating the victory in North Carolina by firing guns in which work Frank was lending a helping hand. He had charge of the powder and did the loading. Instead of having the powder in a close can, as should have been the case, an open water sprinkler was used, through the spout of which it was poured into the muzzle. While in the act of loading, a spark ignited the powder, blowing the sprinkler to atoms and burning Frank's face, neck and left hand in a shocking manner. A piece of tin entered one of his legs, cutting a deep gash. There were probably two or three pounds of powder in the sprinkler when it exploded. Dr. H. L. McCoy is attending the patient and we understand he is doing well.

The petition of the Elk and McKean Railroad company to change its name to the Buffalo, Pittsburg and Rochester Railroad was argued before his honor, Judge Vincent, on Friday last. The court granted the prayer of the petitioners. Therefore the name of the Elk and McKean Railroad is now among the things that were.—St. Marys Gazette.

On Thursday evening, August 16, 1872, a military company was formed in Kane and the following excellent officers were elected: Captain—Joseph D. Barnes; First Lieutenant—Thomas Crosson; Second Lieutenant—Charles Everson.

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FORTUNE FAVORS THE JAPANESE.

Bad Luck or Bad Management Plays Havoc With Russian Movements.

RUSSIAN TRANSPORTS BLOWN UP.

Explosion of Russian Mines Responsible for Disasters—Land Battle Expected—Russian Commanders to Change—General Review of Operations.

According to all reports received in the United States the Japanese continue to be most successful in naval operations, while Russia, although no decisive battles have been fought, is considered the most powerful on land.

Russia seems in a state of lethargy and the government is apparently worried at the unexpected activity and success of Japanese operations. Ill luck or bad management seems to characterize Russia's naval affairs.

Reports via London yesterday say that Japan has landed over 120,000 troops in Korea, 80,000 of whom are extended along the fighting front, south of the Yalu river. Another report says that the Japanese torpedo fleet re-attacked the Russian fleet at Port Arthur Sunday and that one Russian ship was damaged.

Indications point that a land battle of great magnitude will soon be fought south of the Yalu river.

VICEROY ALEXIEFF DEPARTS.

Viceroy Alexieff left Port Arthur Tuesday, proceeding to Harbin with Gen. Pflug, the chief of staff, and the general staff. It is said that the Russian army and navy commands will be reorganized and that Gen. Kerpatsky will command the Yalu division, which is expecting to be attacked by the Japanese forces. Atrocities are daily perpetrated on foreigners and natives, both by the organized police and the incoming troops, which makes it impossible for the civil administration of New Chwang to control the situation. It is feared that a reign of terror will be precipitated if the neutral powers remain inactive. A captain of police with 10 soldiers without any provocation destroyed the contents of a hotel owned by a German, where three Japanese had registered under the protection of the civil administrator. These Japanese were bound, stabbed and robbed of food, money and jewelry. They were rescued with difficulty by United States Consul Miller, together with three women refugees, all of whom the civil administration had assured Mr. Miller would be protected. The administration admits the gravity of the situation, but declares that Viceroy Alexieff alone can remedy it. It is believed here, however, that the maintenance of order at this treaty port and the prevention of these violations of international rights can be insured only by an international proclamation, supported by an armed force. Mines have been constructed and preparations made for depositing them at the mouth of the river here, where the forts have been occupied by a field battery of artillery and guns from the Russian gunboat Sivoutch.

RUSSIAN DISASTERS.

A report dated Feb. 13, says that the Russian torpedo transport Yenisei has been blown up as the result of accidentally striking a mine at Port Arthur. The Yenisei sank and Capt. Stepanoff, three officers and 91 men were lost. Tuesday's evening papers published a dispatch that another mishap of similar nature occurred Monday, resulting in the death of over ninety men.

CHEMULPO BATTLE DETAILS.

The Secol correspondent of the Daily Mail, in the course of a descriptive narrative of the Chemulpo battle, says that before the fight the captain of the Russian cruiser Variag held a conference with the British, French and Italian captains, aboard the British cruiser Talbot, in which he asked for the protection of a foreign warship in leaving the harbor. The request was refused. The British launch delivered a protest to the Japanese admiral immediately before the action. The Americans present refrained from attending the naval conference or partaking in the demonstration, although nine of the Russian wounded were received on board the United States gunboat Vicksburg. While the Variag was being sunk, her captain, fearing that the Japanese would reach the vessel before she settled down, requested the captain of the Talbot to fire at her water line. This request was also refused.

GERMANY JOINS US.

"To Russia and Japan, the Washington government suggests the propriety of limiting hostilities within as small an area as possible and of respecting the neutrality and administrative entity of China, that China may be free from disturbances and foreign interests there from menace." This the Associated Press is enabled to give as the substance of the note addressed by Secretary Hay on Feb. 10, to the St. Petersburg and Tokio governments. On Feb. 8, in a note to Germany, Great Britain and France, Mr. Hay invited these powers concurrently to address Russia and Japan with the same suggestion, and on Feb. 11 this invitation was extended to Italy, Austria, Hungary, The Netherlands, Denmark, Spain and Belgium. Germany was the first to respond with a promise of the invitation and the promise that she immediately would address the two combatants.

Election Results.

The entire Republican ticket with the exception of the candidate for assessor was elected Tuesday. The vote was light, only 217 ballots being cast. Following are the official figures:

Council—J. H. Hertiman, R., 137; J. C. Cunningham, R., 120; W. G. Hollister, D., 87; D. L. Forsythe, D., 73.

School Directors—W. F. Specht, R., 173; C. M. Colegrove, R., 142; Carl Sassy, D., 95; W. E. McCamman, D., 98.

Assessor—H. R. Henderson, R., 83; F. H. Freeman, 125.

Auditor—A. H. Kidder, R., 129; S. F. Redfield, D., 78.

Judge of Election—Geo. Hyde, R., 110; J. A. Holder, 99.

Inspector of Election—J. A. Swanson, R., 106; H. H. Sisse, D., 98.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

Following is the vote in the three districts of Keating township on justice of the peace, supervisor and school directors:

Justice of the Peace—O. T. Chase, R., 161; Andrew Bush, R., 94; Henry Cook, D., 100; Allen Oviatt, D., 108; Geo. Stallsmith, R., 37.

Supervisor—W. P. Beckwith, R., 110; Michael Herzog, R., 184; Michael Miller, D., 139; Frank McGill, D., 42; Myer Rice, R., 18.

School Director—John Stratton, Jr., R., 154; W. P. Hanks, R., 118; W. I. Oviatt, D., 117; A. R. Cory, D., 102; Chas. W. Freeman, R., 24.

The Editor-Man.

President Roosevelt, in addressing the National Republican Editorial Association at Washington last Friday, among other things, said:

"I need hardly say how glad I am to welcome you here to Washington and I am sure also that it is almost unnecessary for me to express my realizing sense of the importance of the work that you do. In the proper sense of the term no man is more essentially a public servant than the editor, the man who in the public press not merely gives the news, but exercises great control over the thought of our country. And in speaking to you, as my fellow Republicans, I wish you to know how every man here in Washington who is striving to do what in him lies to serve his party or make that party serve the country, realizes the dependence upon you and those like you throughout this land for making this purpose effective. It is upon your interpretation of the acts done here that we must depend for having these acts received at their proper worth by the people as a whole. I feel very strongly that what we need is simply to have the exact truth told, to have what we have done, set forth as it has been done and to have our purposes interpreted in the light not merely of our words, but of our deeds; and you know that this is all that we need, and to meet that need depend absolutely upon you. Feeling this as I do, it is in no perfunctory manner that I greet you and thank you for coming here."

Serious Accident to Aged Lady.

Mrs. Phoebe Gallup, a well-known and estimable lady, who lives with her daughter, Mrs. Warley Gifford, on King street, met with a painful accident last night which resulted in the fracture of her left hip.

Shortly after her return from church last night the lady slipped and fell heavily upon a hardwood floor. Dr. McCoy was called and discovered that her hip was fractured.

A telephone message this morning says that Mrs. Gallup is resting as comfortably as possible under the circumstances. She is 73 years of age, but indications are that she will eventually entirely recover from the accident.

Mrs. Gallup has a multitude of friends who are hoping for her speedy and complete recovery.

Shot at Johnsonburg.

Joe Kelly, a former newspaperman of Erie, was shot Saturday night at Johnsonburg, Pa., as the result of a quarrel in which he got mixed up with another fellow. The bullet penetrated his groin. The wound is not thought to be dangerous although inflammation may set in. Kelly was in a hotel, and in some manner got into a dispute with a man. Hot words followed, and the men came to blows, Kelly giving his opponent a severe thrashing. This the other fellow did not like, and whipping out a revolver, blazed at Kelly, the bullet taking effect in his groin. No vital organs were penetrated, and the physicians look for his recovery.—Bradford Record.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.

CHAS. LEMMLER.

BREAD, BUTTER and A FRIEND

By HENRY C. GUEST

Copyright, 1900, by C. N. Lurie

"HERE, Hackett, we have a clew to a sensational story. The people's names are Richmond, and there are to be an exposure and a scandal that will shake up the town," the city editor of the Globe said.

"And incidentally ruin two or three people's reputations, so be careful of the facts," Haverly interrupted, editor said.

Henry Hackett was receiving instructions to cover the chief news story of the day. Hackett, tall, ruddy, full of courage to cope with almost any physical problem, was always making experiments in the philosophy of human life. He was a fairly well-liked man on the staff of the Globe and had the reputation of never having failed to secure a story to which he was assigned.

"Hold up your reputation and make two columns of the affair. Give us a breezy account of Richmond's manipulation of the tunnel stock as well. You have just time to find him at his home before our last edition goes to press," said the city editor as Hackett took up his coat and hat.

He hurried out and took a cab. The address given him was of the wealthiest part of the city, three-quarters of an hour's rapid drive, and he felt this was an occasion where a five cent car fare was incompatible with the importance of the story. He knew the Richmonds were rated as multimillionaires. He had but the barest information of the subject of his errand, scarcely more than the people's names. But he knew that Haverly himself was a shrewd old man who would probably detect the full drift of the most carefully worded question at his first utterance, and as the cab rocked him from one side to the other he planned in his head a plausible tale of Persy Wilde might have Richmond to ask of the tunnel stock deal.

The cab rolled up to the Richmonds' house and Hackett, telling the driver to wait, hurried up the steps and gave his card to a colored servant upon whom the effect of the cab standing at the door had not been lost. He waited a few moments in the library, when some one entering the room behind him said:

"Is this Mr. Hackett?"

The voice was surprisingly familiar. Hackett turned and saw Philip Haverly, a well-bred, slender young man of his own age, faultlessly dressed, a bunch of violets in his coat. Haverly seized his hand, threw his arm affectionately over Hackett's shoulder and exclaimed:

"The very man I wanted to locate in a systematic search for! Haven't heard of you since commencement at Harvard two years ago."

"You are the last man I expected to find here," returned Hackett, visibly Haverly's hand in both of his and almost crushing it in delight.

"You cannot think I hold you in very loving remembrance, as I have good reason to, to have lost track of you so long. But if you will allow me we will [illegible] where I left off," said Haverly.

"Certainly," said Hackett. "I left, tried [illegible] rope, but [illegible] unknown."

"Yes, I went to the Mediterranean on a long cruise on the Duke of [illegible] yacht, dips to Egypt, Italy and the continent, and am home just a week," said Haverly.

"And I found a place on a daily newspaper and have run up from a reporter to a society wedding, make a fair salary and have some hope of climbing up near the top of that ladder we read so much about," returned Hackett.

"You still believe in that ladder? You used to have all sorts of theories in college, I remember, and you used to experiment with them on me," replied his friend. "Do you really believe there is such a ladder or that, on the contrary, people never rise above the plane to which they are born?"

"I do believe in the theory of the ladder just as firmly as I used to believe in my theory of gratitude," returned Hackett.

"You believe in that, too, yet? I might have thought you would have seen it completely disproved by this time—two years in a newspaper office," said Haverly.

"No; I believe even yet that people, a few at least, will remember a favor, a bit of self sacrifice, with gratitude and do one a good turn occasionally."

"Well, maybe they do. Light a cigar and tell me how you came to stumble upon me here," said Haverly, pulling the armchair close to a table and offering his cigar case.

"It was pure accident. I came here to see Richmond. Is he at home?" inquired Hackett.

"Yes, he is busy with a lawyer just now. Can I take a message for you? I am a kind of privileged character here," Haverly said, smiling.

Hackett paused at his cigar a moment and studied the face of his friend. It was the same frank, with its innocent effeminate softness that had first attracted his attention when he met Haverly as a boy a trifle weak then perhaps, but strengthened since by development and by contact with people of the world. Hackett knew from his training the indirect way of telling the wrong man of the news story he desired to secure, but he knew that Haverly had never lied to him in his past life and he told him the purpose of his errand. Haverly's face changed.

"I [illegible] you being here that you can assist me. All I want now is to see Richmond," concluded Hackett.

"Harry, I am here visiting these people. I received your card by mistake. I can help you in this"—Haverly paused—"but I will not," he continued. "You cannot see Richmond."

Hackett looked up a trifle surprised. He had met people who had talked like this before, and then the faintest smile crossed itself across his face. It angered Haverly, and his face showed it.

"In times gone by I have helped you," said Hackett gently.

"I know you have," returned Haverly. "I might not have taken my degree if you had not. But you don't know what you are asking me to do. We did not know the affair had leaked out."

"But it has," said Hackett, with another hint of a smile.

Haverly instantly saw his mistake, and his face colored with anger.

"God knows it is true enough about the old man. We may not know all the facts. What else have you heard?" he asked.

"Less than I should like to know." This time Hackett grinned a little at his friend's quickly rising temper. He noted that Haverly had not changed in this respect since his days at Harvard.

"Blame you, quiet people. What business is this of yours?" exclaimed Haverly, springing to his feet, his eyes blazing. He seized a heavy paperweight from the table and raised it to strike his friend.

Hackett leaped up and caught his hand in the air.

"Don't do that. Don't you remember the rivers?" he asked softly. There was an expression of deeply injured affection in his voice which contrasted strongly with Haverly's violent stage and action.

Haverly's color reddened with shame even above his anger, and he allowed Hackett to gently slip the paperweight from his fingers. They looked at each other steadily. The mention of the river recalled vivid memories to each of them.

Hackett saw a mental picture of one vacation time when they were camping by a [illegible] standing [illegible] of the water's edge. [illegible] lake in the water ten yards away. He heard him call for help and saw him gasp and sink. In retrospect Hackett saw himself dive from the float, swim away, grasp something under the water and struggle back to shore against a current that almost swept both down.

Hackett's thoughts upon Haverly's silence and [illegible] Haverly answered it promptly.

"I owe you a debt," he said earnestly and slowly shaking his head, his anger [illegible] as it had appeared. As Scott's hands touched his shoulders it grew firmly, more affectionately.

"I am to marry one of Richmond's daughters," said Haverly. "The story does not concern me directly, but you cannot print it. It would cost Richmond more than you or I can figure out in money. And think of the girl."

Hackett recalled one day when he himself was in despair over a failure in a mathematical examination and that Haverly came up behind him and took his hand without a spoken word. It had thoroughly touched him, and Hackett thought that perhaps he, too, owed Haverly something in return for that incident of silent sympathy, and he was momentarily tempted to abandon the effort to secure the tunnel stock story. Then he remembered that business is a firm master and that he had a position to maintain on the Globe staff, and he almost felt, in a physical sense, a struggle between his affection for the man and his own thirst for reputation. Then he regretted that he had alluded to the river and the rescue, and he knew that Haverly felt he was determined to secure the story on the street affair at a sacrifice of every personal feeling and that he was [illegible] as if his [illegible] had been spoken in words. He turned his confession to [illegible]

"I [illegible] you are lifting one of those [illegible] upon me that I used to call [illegible] when we studied together. I am grateful. I am your friend, and I have not forgotten what I owe you, even without your reminder. You want the tunnel story confirmed. I have already unguardedly said it was true. It is so, every word you have of it, and more. Sit down." And Haverly gave him briefly a score of details that would send the headlines into a wood letter craze, with double column pictures.

"Now you have the entire thing owed you a debt, and I have put it payment into your hands. You will not see Richmond. He would deny it all on the Scriptures. But I may be suspected of confirming the rumors and if I am you can judge for yourself what will come of it. Will you promise not to print it?"

Hackett thoughtfully twisted his mustache and made no reply.

"I do not mean a libel suit. But be careful what you do. Won't you for old times' sake?" asked Haverly.

"I promise to be careful," replied Hackett. And the two parted as cold blooded business men do.

Hackett left the Richmonds' house with the power in his hands to shatter reputations and perhaps a life's happi-

"DON'T YOU REMEMBER THE RIVER?"

ness, and the drive to the newspaper office was the shortest he ever knew. His mind was in confusion at the situation in which Haverly's information had placed him. His first thought was that if he suppressed the story it would eventually become public.

"I could not expect him to consent to printing such a story, but he confirmed it, after all. He did understand that I was experimenting with my theory of gratitude upon him. As long as I can remember him he always took exception to acting as my moral lay figure, once slying a bootjack at my head in college and wrecking a mirror when I dodged his materialistic argument," thought Hackett.

"Strange place to meet a man one has not seen for two years. But I might have expected it, the world is so small, after all." Hackett thought of the time when they roomed in the freshman year on the same staircase and of their living together the next term.

Then he thought of the coldness in which they had just separated, the first real interruption of a feeling of cordial regard since the days of mathematics and Greek. He weighed Haverly's position against his own, on one hand owing him his life and refusing to consent to the publication of a story upon the family of the woman who was to be his wife and yet to rethrow a suspicion of ingratitude placing him in possession of the family skeleton, on the other hand, a remorseless search for a sensation, read in a minute and not forgotten in a lifetime, and yet one step up on the ladder of the pocketbook and self.

"Back so soon? Got the story?" interrupted the city editor in one breath as Hackett entered the Globe office. Hackett hesitated a moment, looked boldly at the man and blurted out:

"No."

The editor raised his eyebrows in cold surprise and displeasure, as if to ask an explanation. Hackett went to a vacant desk, scribbled a few lines and handed the paper to the editor, saying: "There is no explanation."

In the paper Hackett resigned from the Globe's staff.

Again the city editor raised his eyebrows, and Hackett promptly left the office. All the street knew of the resignation within an hour, and the Globe and all the papers went to press without the Richmond exposure.

The other staff men met Hackett the next day, and one of them wanted to know the connection between the suppression of the story and his resignation.

"Met a man there I wanted to oblige," said Hackett curtly.

"How much in it?" asked the staff man, jingling money in his pocket.

"Not a cent, as God is my helper," replied Hackett.

The managing editor heard rumors of the affair and sent for him. Hackett told him briefly that Haverly was an old friend who was soon to marry Richmond's daughter.

"I saved his life some years ago," said Hackett, "and could not see what I should destroy the chances of his happiness now, and the quickest way out of the difficulty was to resign."

The managing editor looked Hackett over very carefully and then he said:

"I like a man who stands by his bread and butter, but I better like a man who stands by his friends. Why did you not consult me? Go back and report in the city room. We won't accept your resignation."

Panama.

It is supposed by some that Panama derives its name from the native word for butterfly. Explorers of the interior tell of swarms of butterflies which at times rise on the slopes of the mountains in dense clouds, darkening the sunshine. Others maintain that the name is from an Indian word meaning abounding in fish.

A Reminder.

"There," said the tailor, "that suit certainly fits you perfectly."

"Yes, indeed. You may justly feel proud of that," replied the customer. "It's a credit to you."

"Well—er—I hope you won't forget it's a debit to you."—Exchange.

Respect.

"Children don't seem to have as much respect for their parents as formerly."

"No," answered the cynic, "and I have never quite been able to make up my mind whether this is because modern children are less dutiful or more discerning."—Washington Star.

FISHING IN FORMOSA.

Their Rods Superb, but Their Hooks Are Without Barbs.

Three of us, two Americans and one Japanese, started out in jinrikishas from Taipeh, the modern capital of Formosa, or Taiwan, to go to the house of a wealthy gentleman about eight miles up the river which runs through the valley of Taipeh. The way led through a beautiful and fertile country, the valley covered with the second crop of rice and the hills with the famous Formosa tea shrub. After luncheon and after photographing some head hunting savages we found there we proposed to fish for salmon trout at an altitude less than 250 feet above sea level and in latitude about 24 degrees 40 minutes north, practically in the tropics. The temperature of the stream was about 70 degrees or higher, and the water was well aerated. This stream, from 60 to 100 yards wide, is clear and full of rapids and riffles.

We used Japanese tackle—horsehair line and horsehair leader, the latter consisting of one strand only; a bamboo rod and a most delicate palmer tied on a small barbless hook. The rod is decidedly good and, weight for weight, is stronger and a better caster than our jointed rod. It rarely weighs over four ounces, mine weighed about two, but the line is practically worthless for casting as we understand the term. The fly is perfect, but the hook lacks strength, and the fish when hooked may easily detach himself in a current or an eddy or by fouling the line. We all know how it is done from our experience with pin hook and thread in the brooks at home.

The Japanese, however, have another method of fishing which may be as new to some of our readers as it was to me. It is quite successful. They catch one fish in any way they can and then fasten the line securely through his upper jaw, passing it through the roof of the mouth and out at the top of the upper jaw well in front of the eyes and then attach through the body of the fish, not far in front of the tail a horsehair to which is tied a three pronged barbless hook, which trails in line with the fish and a few inches behind, while it is slowly worked up the stream by the fisherman. The theory is that other fishes seeing the captive moving along as though feeding or perhaps spawning, will pursue it and become impaled on the hooks. In point of fact that does happen, as I saw a Chinaman take two fine trout in this manner.

Our success with the flies was poor. We got thirteen or fourteen fingerlings, but we saw the fish we wished to identify caught in fairly good numbers by the Chinese fishing with decoys.—Forest and Stream.

Woman's Aversion to Indexes.

"Talk about the inclination to study the envelope to discover the sender instead of opening the letter being a trait of womankind," said a Brooklyn man the other day, "it isn't in it with a woman's aversion to indexes. Give a woman a book of poems like those of Byron, for instance, and she'll turn the pages for twenty minutes or more to find the piece she is really after rather than look in the index. Suggest the index to her and she'll say, 'Oh, I'll find it in a second,' and away she'll go, turning the pages again.

"The other night by actual timing it took my wife twenty-two minutes to find 'Mary in Heaven' in a copy of Burns, for not only did she lose actual time turning the pages, but if she'd come to anything she liked, such as 'Holy Willie's Prayer' and 'Tolly Stewart,' she'd dally over them awhile. Ladies do not like that. The first place they go for is the index."—New York Press.

An Actor's Blunder.

A critical examiner tells of an aspiring young actress's fruitless debut as a young lady in a play.

The part was by no means up to the high order of talents in enacting such roles as called for any speech on his part. But in this play he was furnished with the following line, the only words to be spoken by him during the entire play:

"The king is dead. Long live the king!"

The critical time arriving, it was observed by other players that the young man who was to acclaim the new monarch in the words just quoted was suffering from a dreadful attack of stage fright. His cue came, but no words could he speak, so frightened was he.

Finally, however, he pulled himself together and in desperation shouted at the top of his voice:

"Long live the king; he's dead!"

Legal Courtesy.

An instance of legal courtesy occurred in a courtroom not very long ago. A lawyer with little prefixed to his name and a brother lawyer engaged in a heated discussion. The latter maintained his position, claiming he could find his authority and turning over to the page of the statute book, when, quick as a flash, Mac said, "Now, will [illegible] you want on page —, see also —?"

Mac's opponent looked up the reference and found the law governing asses. A ripple of laughter spread over the court.

A More Important Matter.

"Why," said the punctilious person, "I got a letter from the person you have been praising, and there was actually a capital in the wrong place!"

"May be so," answered Mr. Cumrox. "But he never gets his capital in the wrong place in the market. And that's more important."—Washington Star.

Heaven's Monotony.

"But don't you want to go to heaven?" asked the Sunday school teacher, shocked and grieved.

"Nope," said the bad boy of the class. "There won't be nobody there but women and preachers."—Chicago Tribune.

Soothing Syrup.

Vexed Wife—There is no calamity that can befall a woman that I have not suffered. Amiable Husband—Wrong, my dear. Now, you have never been a widow. Vexed Wife—I said calamity, sir!

A NERVOUS WAIT.

Weird Sensation When the Church Became Totally Dark.

"I went to a Fifth avenue church last Sunday night," said a man who is good once a week, "and quite unexpectedly got a new sensation. The church was brilliantly lighted, but something went wrong with the electrical apparatus, and all of a sudden most of the lights went out. Midway in the building two or three bunches of bulbs continued to shed a sepulchral twilight, but the pulpit was shrouded in darkness, and nervous members of the congregation began to fidget.

"This condition of affairs lasted for some minutes until the choir had finished an anthem. Then the preacher arose and requested the people to remain quietly seated for half a minute in total darkness, when the church would be fully illuminated again. With the words the few remaining lights went out, and for a space darkness like that of a coal hole prevailed.

"It was the weirdest, most uncanny waft I ever had. Every man and woman of the 800 or 1,000 in that church was as still as death almost. I suppose the darkness did not last a minute, but it seemed to me to be an hour. When the lights again leaped out there was a sigh of relief from every person in the church. I guess they all felt as queer about it as I did."—New York Press.

HORSEHAIR FOR BOWS.

Only Black or White From Russia or Germany Is Used.

There is a vast amount of horsehair annually used in the United States for making and repairing violin, violoncello and bass viol bows. All of the hair comes from Germany and Russia, in which countries the tails of horses are generally allowed to grow much longer than here. The foreign hair is also coarser in texture and tougher than that which grows on the American horse, and these qualities make the imported article more valuable than the domestic product.

There are only two kinds of horsehair suitable for making bows, and they are of white and black varieties. The former is used for violin bows, and the latter, which is heavier and stronger, is the best material for making bows for cello and bass viols, because it bites the larger strings better. The imported hair is put up in banks of thirty-six inches long, which is five or six inches longer than the standard violin bow. A bank is sufficient for one violin bow, while two banks are required for a cello or bass viol bow. There are about one and a half ounces of hair in a bank, which is worth from 20 to 30 cents, according to the quality of the hair.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ART OF BOXING.

Fistic Combats Were Highly Esteemed in Ancient Times.

Pugilism, the practice of boxing or fighting with the fists, was a manly art and exercise highly esteemed among the ancients. In those days the hands of the pugilist were armed with the cestus, leather thongs loaded with lead or iron. This form of athletic sport was at first only permitted to freemen among the Greeks, but gradually it was taken up as a profession and lost much of its prestige.

As an illustration of this early use we find in Virgil's fifth Æneid the record of a match between Dares, "with nimble feet and confident in youth," and Entellus, "the veteran champion, strong and weighty limbed," when the combatants—

Their arms uplift in air, their heads with [illegible]
Back from the blows, and mingling hand with hand,
Provoke the conflict.

Pugilism has been a typical English sport from the days of King Alfred, but its golden age as a profession dates from the accession of the house of Hanover.—London Standard.

Long Range Prayer.

The Swiss mountaineers have a custom of calling through speaking trumpets at dusk each evening, "Praise the Lord God!" This call may be started by one herdsman and is answered by others from neighboring peaks, the sound being much prolonged as it reverberates from one mountain to another. After a short interval, supposedly devoted to prayer, a herdsman calls in the same manner, "Good night!" this, too, being repeated by his fellows. Then all retire to their huts. The impressiveness of these calls, echoing and re-echoing from rock and mountain to mountain, can easily be imagined.

Asking a Great Deal.

"Yes, sir," said the lady principal of the college for girls, "we are proud of the thorough athletic training we give our students. We see that they have every attention from competent instructors and develop their physique along with their intellect."

"Um—yes!" observed the father. "You make them strong and lively, do you?"

"That is one of our chief aims."

"Well, do you think you could educate Lizzie here so that in time she will be strong enough to help her mother do the washing, when the cook is on strike?"

Spared the Historian.

On one occasion during Mommsen's residence in Italy, while making an excursion in the neighborhood of Rome with some tourists, the party was stopped by brigands. The latter, while busy rifling the company's pockets, inquired their names. "Some Theodor Mommsen," was the choleric professor's indignant reply, whereupon the chief of the band stayed his hand. He said he would scorn to rob one who had done so much for Italy's renown.

A Kicking Deferred.

Aunt Clara to her young nephew, who has just brought a bucket into the parlor where she is sitting: "Good gracious, Tommy, what are you doing with that bucket? Take it down to the kitchen at once, Tommy—I want you to kick it, Aunt Clara, 'cause I heard papa saying when you kick the bucket we'd get at the very least $5,000.

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Hawke's Cut Glass,

the ware that took the Grand Prize at the Paris Exposition.

Fine Stationery
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Ladies' need our patent dryer after shampooing the hair.

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L. K. Hogarth,
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Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT, PA.

Fall and Winter Styles

in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.

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Rooney's Is the Place

to buy a nice, sweet piece of

Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT

whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for

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LIVERY & FEED STABLE
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First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.
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HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
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NEWS STAND.

A complete stock of newspapers, periodicals and magazines always on hand.
Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery.
We handle fruits and vegetables in season.
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Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

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A REAL BARG

is not necessarily an article at the lowest price. It is the best for the least money. That is the kind we handle and all goods are backed by our guarantee. Money back if goods are not correct.

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DENTISTRY.

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Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

Get the Habit

of looking at our window display of Rich Cut Glass, every piece of which is for sale at cost until next Thursday. We have the privilege of sending unsold pieces back to factory and have decided to give our customers the benefit of this arrangement for one week.

J. C. Hamlin.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—The Port Allegany window glass factory resumed operations last Sunday at midnight.

—The first steps have been taken in Coudersport for that town to have a fast ball team next season.

—Coudersport merchants have entered into an agreement whereby the sale of cigarettes will be abolished in that town.

—Orders have been received at Hazelhurst to light the fires in one tank at the glass factories there. This will be welcome news to the residents of that town.

—Dan Bovard, the young man who umpired some ball games here last season, has applied for a position as umpire in the New York State League.—Potter Enterprise.

—John Barry, one of the best known residents of Bradford, died at his home on Jackson avenue, that city, last Sunday morning, aged 57 years. He is survived by a wife and nine children.

—Carl Jessup, who made such a good record in the Eldred team in the McKean-Potter league, has signed with the A. J. & C. team and will get a tryout in the New York State League at $100 per month.—Eldred Eagle.

—The eight-year-old adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leo Uyphert of DuBois was abducted a few days ago by a man who claimed to be an agent sent by the managers of the home from which she was adopted to return the child.

—It is about time that our base ball fans were making arrangements for participation in the popular summer sport. Coudersport, Austin and Port Allegany are going to have base ball teams and it would seem strange for us to be out of the race.

—During a drunken quarrel Howard Hammond shot his dearest friend, Fred Hunt, near Gaines, Potter county, on Friday night, the 5th inst., and Hunt is not expected to live. The quarrel started over the loss of a bottle of whiskey while they and others were going home.

—St. Valentine's day brought forth the usual number of lover's messages to many as well as those of the knockers. The hand-made one presented to the bank force was perhaps the most grotesque of the season. This one touched strongly on the bear hunt of last fall and casts reflections on these noble sportsmen.

—Matrimonial inducements in Potter county still continue, as will be seen by the following from the Potter Democrat: The Thespian Club have offered a purse of $100 to the first member of the club who takes unto himself a wife. Already there are several aspirants in the field and the end will be watched with interest.

—Wives who have lost their husbands' affections are advised to pay a visit to "The Beauty Doctor," who will be at the Exchange Saturday, Sunday, February 20, and learn how to regain their faded charms. By this method Easter bonnets can be designed as easily as in the early days of the honeymoon. Proof is found in the fine raiment worn by "The Beauty Doctor's" 40 beauteous assistants.

—The Smethport papers have been talking about some expert bowlers they have in that place, but it would appear to a man up a tree that the Smethport boys do not deserve the title experts. In a game with the Bradford bowlers they were beaten by 130 pins.—Coudersport Enterprise. Come out of it, John, and look again. It was the Bradford bowlers who were beaten 730 pins. Smethport has a number of bowlers who certainly deserve the title expert. In other respects the above item is nearly correct. Perhaps Coudersport has some bowlers who would like to stack up against Smethport. A match could be very easily arranged.

Reading in Bed.

Continuing one of the recent discussion of the habit of reading in bed, Maudsley Monthly complains that if the position is literally prone the habit is bad, because in such a position the eyes are fixed upon the book in a straining and unnatural way and the book cannot be sufficiently illuminated.

But if one sits propped up by pillows, in much the same position of the head and trunk as when in a chair, there can be no evil consequences, provided a good rich light is rightly placed behind and at one side of the head.

The greatest argument for reading in bed is that the attention is not distracted by the discomfort of the body, the noises and interruptions usual at other times. Let one take an erect position of the body and head, be assured he has a good oculist and that his light is strong, white, steady and properly placed. He may then read with impunity until drowsiness cautions him to stop.

The Limit.

"He's a mighty mean man."

"In what way?"

"Why, he's stone deaf, and he never tells the barber until he is through shaving him."—Life.

West Point's Origin.

The operations of the troops engaged in the war of the Revolution directed attention to the romantic and commanding heights of West Point, and within a few years after the close of the contest, through the influence of surviving officers of the Continental army it pleased President Washington to include in his message to congress (1793) a recommendation for the establishment of a military academy here.

The act creating the academy did not pass until the year 1802, and then only as a means of giving countenance to the work of George Barren, who had the year before established a private school for cadets at the Point. It required the stimulus of a second war with the mother country to overcome the deep rooted prejudice of the rural legislators against an institution which they believed would become a nursery of aristocrats, and it was, therefore, not until 1812 that the Military academy became a part of the army establishment.—Frank H. Taylor in Four Track News.

Finding by Intuition.

A man asked the clerk of a big hotel in Fifth avenue if a person whom he named was staying in the house. The clerk said he was, but he was not in at that moment. "I had never seen the person for whom I had inquired," said the man who tells this story. "I had never had a description of him. I had formed no idea as to what manner of man he is, as we often do in such cases. I took a seat in the corridor, intending to ask the clerk again later on. I read a newspaper for a half hour and started to the clerk's desk to repeat my inquiry when I bumped into an individual by accident. We both apologized. In a second I said to him, 'Are you not Mr. ——?' I don't know what impelled me to make the inquiry, but as quickly as I had asked him as quickly did he reply that he was Mr. ——, the very person whom I wished to see. I suppose Conan Doyle might explain it, but hanged if I can."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tobacco Smoke and the Blood.

Two or three minimfuls of tobacco smoke from a cigarette were shaken up with a few drops of blood diluted with water in a bottle. Almost immediately the blood assumed the pink color characteristic of blood containing monoxide gas, and further observations with the spectroscope confirmed the presence in the blood of carbon monoxide. Similarly a few mouthfuls of smoke from a pipe and a cigar were tried, and the results were even more marked. In this experiment we have some explanation in particular of the evil effects of cigarette smoking, for it is chiefly cigarette smoke that is inhaled, an indulgence by which the poisonous carbon monoxide is introduced directly into the blood. This effect of tobacco smoke upon the blood appears to us to be of considerable significance.—London Lancet.

Christmas Tree Legend.

There is a legend in Germany that when Eve plucked the fatal apple immediately the leaves of the tree shriveled into needle points and its bright green turned dark. It changed its nature and became the evergreen, in all seasons preaching the story of man's fall. Only on Christmas does it bloom brightly with lights and become beautiful with love, for the curse is turned into a blessing at the coming of the Christ Child, and we have our Christmas tree.

Grows in the Clouds.

So far as is known, the highest elevation at which flowers are found growing is 17,000 feet above sea level. The homely little plant which has the distinction of being the loftiest grower in the world is found on the upper slopes of the Himalayan mountains, near the line of perpetual snow. The season during which vegetation may appear above the surface in this region is less than four months in length.

Testing Swords.

A very picturesque and effective test is applied to all the swords made for the English army before they are allowed to go into commission. A powerful man takes each in turn, swings it above his head and strikes it with all his might upon a huge round stone. If the sword shows any sign of weakness it is at once discarded.

Sarcastic.

They had been discussing the baby's ears, eyes and nose.

"And I think it's got its father's hair," said the joyful young mother.

"Oh, is that who's got it? I noticed it was missing." And as the tall girl with the suave manner said this the mother looked dubiously at her.—Judge.

In His Interest.

Jack—You know when Mabel rejected me last week I told you my troubles, and you promised to help me. Well, she accepted me last night. Am I to thank you for interceding for me? Cousin Belle—Not exactly, dear boy. I simply intimated to Mabel that I was after you myself.

Barred.

"There's one thing the women can't get into!" said the anti woman suffragist.

"What's that?" cried a chorus of feminine voices.

"The secret service!"—Detroit Free Press.

His Chance.

"That boy never will be worth anything."

"I wouldn't be so sure of that. He may marry well."—Chicago Post.

Suspicions are weeds of the mind which grow of themselves, and most rapidly when least wanted.—Wallace.

"THAT ETERNAL ITCHING."

$5 for any case of Itching, Outward or Inward Piles, Old Sores, Scaley Head, Poison Oak, Eczema, or any Skin Disease that can't be cured with Dr. Zigg's Silver Leaf Ointment. Just try one box, by mail 50c.

DR. ZIGG MEDICAL CO., Bradford, Pa.

For sale by L. K. Hogarth and J. W. Voorhees

A Clever Fish.

The salmon seems to be gifted with much intelligence, or "hereditary foresight," as it is occasionally called, which is more particularly acute when danger signals are abroad, says William G. Harris in Field and Stream. They have been known, when congregated in the upper pools, to become frightened by poachers approaching them with net or spear and to immediately dash down stream to a distance of thirty miles in one night, not stopping until they had reached pools so deep that they could not be taken with the appliances of the poacher. They seemed to know that if they went higher up the stream their doom was sealed.

When coming from the sea in schools and on entering the estuary they have been seen, with an old leader at the head of the school, the rest forming a triangle about two and a half feet below the surface of the water, and on calm days, guided by the old patriarch, they would swim around the fishermen's nets, never approaching them nearer than ten or twelve yards.

Standing an Egg on End.

Any fresh egg can, without being boiled, be balanced on either end by any one possessing patience and a steady hand.

In order to save time the egg should be placed for a short time on the end upon which it is desired to balance it, so as to allow the yolk to settle; then both forearms of the person making the experiment should be rested on the edge of the table and the egg should be taken between the three fingers and thumbs of both hands and slowly turned around until the center of gravity is found. This experiment may at first require a little time, but after a little practice it will be found very easy to do. It would be well to try it first on the tablecloth and then on the bottom of a plate.

It is conceded, of course, that the present century is far more advanced than that of Columbus, so it is only to be expected that different ideas should have been formed, even as to the balancing of eggs.

A Defense of Dancing.

It is not necessary in these days to defend the claim of the dance to a place among the arts. As soon as we have got rid of the Puritan prejudice on the point (and one may hope that this no longer exists for the intelligent part of the population) the claim is too overwhelming to need apology, for if we take art to mean the production of beauty then the case only needs stating to be conceded, while if we understand it as self-expression in some concrete form we shall find that the dance, which is a kind of fusion of music, painting and sculpture, is pre-eminently capable of giving expression beyond the possibility of words to the basic and therefore largely inarticulate parts of our nature—the longing of the spirit and the joy of life.—London Outlook.

Genesis of Life Insurance.

Life insurance originated in 1706 in London. In that year there was formed the first life insurance company. It was called the "Amicable Society for a Perpetual Assurance Office." It was a mutual benefit concern.

Each member, without reference to age, paid a fixed admission fee and a fixed annual charge for share on from one to three shares, and at the end of the year a portion of the fund accumulated was divided among the heirs of those who had died, in accordance with the number of shares each dead person had held. Out of this company, with its crude and imperfect methods, life insurance as it exists today has grown.

Swinging Round the Circle.

In the journey of life we often travel in circles. Therefore do today the good that is in you. Plant your blossoms. You will come back to them by and by. It is the beauty of the things that you do today that has most to do with making beautiful your tomorrow. One of the blessings of the sunset is in keeping the memories of what was planted in the morning.

The First Corset.

The first corset, not counting ancient modifications of the Grecian zone and girdle, was introduced into France by Catherine de Medici. It was a strange affair and fashioned after the style of a knight's cuirass. The framework was entirely of iron, and the velvet, which decorated the exterior only, served to hide a frightful and cumbersome article of torture.

Good Scheme.

Hicks—You keep duplicates of all your old love letters? What an idea! Wicks—Yes; when I have done something particularly foolish I just read over one of those letters. It is quite encouraging to know that I'm not nearly so much of a fool as I used to be.—Boston Transcript.

The Literal Truth.

Dunns—What do you mean by sending me word that you were not in? Debts—I didn't. I sent you word that I was out. Dunns—Well, and what did you mean by that? Debts—Exactly what I said. I am out of cash.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Amplifying Him.

First Guest (at banquet)—Is this diamond backed terrapin? Second Guest—That's what the caterer calls it. First Guest (tasting it)—Well, he's a prevaricaterer.—Chicago Tribune.

Sentence Suspended.

Her voice was tried by a famous singing master.

"Was it found guilty?"—Princeton Tiger.

Getting in debt is like sliding down a greased pole; getting out is like climbing the same pole.—Augusta (Ga.) Herald.

THE FOOLISH MAN

Learns by experience. The average man learns by his own experience. The wise man learns by the experience of others. Be wise. Save time, money and learn by the experience of thousands of others who say that the new "Easy Dyait LeRoy Plows" are the ones to buy. Every one sold on a positive guarantee. Sold by A. T. Palmer, Smethport.

The W. Hengerer Co. BUFFALO, N.Y.

When in Buffalo, lunch in our Basement Restaurant

We give the popular S. & H. Green Trading Stamps

You've mailed a postal.

If you have, the mail has brought you a BUDGET of STORE NEWS from the HENGERER STORE in Buffalo.

If you have not sent us your name and address on a postal, do so at once. We'll place you on our select monthly mailing list and you will receive notice of all special sales—you will be kept posted regarding the bargain chances of Buffalo's largest, best and most progressive store.

All it costs is one cent for the postal you send—write AT ONCE and mention this paper.

THE REMOVAL SALES

We are getting ready to move to the new store, now nearing completion. Specials in each of the fifty departments.

50 STORES IN 1

The William Hengerer Co. Buffalo, N.Y.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.

SMETHPORT. PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
SURPLUS $30,000.00

AUTHORIZED BY LAW

to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

ACTS AS TRUSTEE

under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds or Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

OFFICERS.

HENRY HAMLIN, President.
ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Secy. & Treas.
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

DIRECTORS.

HENRY HAMLIN,
ORLO J. HAMLIN,
RALPH E. BURDICK,
FRED D. GALLUP,
JOHN FORREST.

Attention

is directed to our store where you will find the best and most complete assortment of

Groceries,
Provisions,
Teas,
Coffees,

and in fact everything to make an up-to-date store.

Hagberg & Sherburne

Smethport - Penn'a.

THIS WEEK

We are showing a large and beautiful line of Ladies' Dress Skirts. In these you will find correct styles and a perfect fit. Prices very low.

Any changes made free of charge.

Best grade flannelette and percale wrappers at reasonable prices.

Millinery is going at cost.

All New Idea Patterns 10c.

The New Idea Magazine 5c.

We give PURPLE STAMPS.

Mrs. A. E. Hinman,

Smethport, Pa.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.

BROMO-PEPSIN

"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."

CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.

All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

C. A. BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE

From now until after the holidays I will sell my entire stock of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines at a reduced price.

It is not necessary for any purchaser to go out of town in order to buy a Piano or Organ as I handle strictly high grade instruments which include the Bush & Gerts, Packard and Story & Clark Pianos. You are not taking any chances of getting a worthless instrument when you purchase one of these Pianos as they are all guaranteed to be first class.

An inspection of these instruments will convince you that it is to your interest to deal with us.

Call and inspect my stock and get prices before going elsewhere.

C. A. BURDICK

Main St. Smethport, Pa

ACME MILLS

GREEN BROS., Props

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn, Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly

Water & Hill Sts. on the

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLE

FOR SALE,

Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutlers and Robes

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903

EMIL HAMM

MANUFACTURER OF

Fine Cigars.

Wholesale and Retail Dealer.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1904.

Announcement.

FOR CONGRESS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Representative in the 50th Congress from the 25th Congressional District, subject to the rules of the Republican party.
S. R. DRESSER.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 2, 1904.

FOR STATE SENATOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce my name as a candidate for Senator from the 25th Senatorial District of Pennsylvania subject to the decision of the Republican party.
MYRON MATSON.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 9, 1904.

FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican principles of McKean county.
J. M. MCELHOY.
Bradford, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Representative in the State Legislature, subject to the Republican primaries of McKean county.
J. W. CAMPBELL.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 3, 1904.

FOR TREASURER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
S. D. WEAVER.
Smethport, Pa., Dec. 21, 1903.

I hereby announce myself a candidate for County Treasurer, subject to the decision of the Republican party of McKean county at the primaries.
J. F. DAVIS.
Bradford, Pa., Jan. 4, 1904.

FOR DELEGATES.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention, subject to usages of the Republican party.
W. H. MORRISON.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

I hereby announce my candidacy for Delegate to the Republican State Convention subject to usages of the Republican party.
RICK DONOVAN.
Kane, Pa., Feb. 12, 1904.

RICK DONOVAN of Kane announces his candidacy for delegate to the Republican State convention, subject to the usages of that party at the primaries. Mr. Donovan is one of our most loyal Republicans and is fully capable of discharging his duties as a delegate to this august body.

It is with pleasure that we announce as a delegate to the Republican State convention the name of one of our most popular townsmen, the efficient, courteous and handsome clerk of the courts, W. H. Morrison. His personal integrity and unswerving Republicanism cannot be questioned. The Republican party of McKean county will do itself credit in conferring upon Mr. Morrison the honor of being one of its representatives in the State convention.

CONGRESSMAN SHAFROTH, Democrat, from the first Colorado district, voluntarily relinquished his seat in the House at the convening of that body on Monday. The contest for his seat by Robert W. Bonynge and the examination of ballots, he said, revealed fraud in 29 precincts. If he was a judge on the bench he would have to find against himself, and by inviting the election committee to present a resolution seating Bonynge. The statement created a sensation and at its conclusion long applause was heard on both sides of the House. Chairman Olmsted of the elections committee, considering the case, paid a high tribute to Mr. Shafroth, saying although the action was a surprise, the case showed that the frauds in the election were not chargeable in any way to Mr. Shafroth.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 18, 1904.

Assurances continue to be received at the White House that there is practically no opposition to the nomination of the President at the Chicago convention. Ex-Senator Manderson of Nebraska says the entire west is for Roosevelt. The same news comes from the Eastern states, and a prominent lawyer from Connecticut in Washington this week said that in that State Democracy is as dead as a door nail. The announcement of the dangerous illness of Senator Hanna has brought sudden harmony to the discordant elements in Ohio, and the delegation to Chicago promises to be a unit for Roosevelt. The President is very busy having many things to look after. He does not expect an early adjournment of Congress and will be unable to leave Washington to attend banquets and make speeches. He will have his little walk of 8 or 10 miles and is in perfect health. On the 12th inst. he issued a proclamation of neutrality towards Russia and Japan, and announced the law which forbids Americans from entering the service of either combatant. The President has been assured that the Panama treaty will be ratified in a few days. Relying upon this belief he is now carefully considering the personnel of the canal commission, and Attorney General Knox is examining the Spooner act to see if it gives the President full authority to issue bonds to raise the needed money and appoint the commission. Thus far Admiral Walker, Gen. Geo. W. Davis and Isham Randolph of Chicago have been named for the canal commission. The new pension bill excites much interest at the White House, but it will be some time before the committee on invalid pensions reports to Congress.

Both of the pure food bills are now before the Senate, and manufacturers of food products favor the bill since in many instances it will relieve them from oppressive state laws. The Senate committee on commerce will report on the 18th inst. that the nomination of Dr. Crum as collector of the port of Charleston, S. C., be confirmed. The U. S. navy will cost nearly $100,000,000 next year. It is not likely that a vote will be reached on the eight-hour law. The proposition with which the territorial committee is now laboring is to admit Oklahoma and Indian Territory as one State and New Mexico as another (under some more appropriate name, it is hoped) and leave Arizona out in the cold for another year or two.

The House Committee on the Reform of the Civil Service is engaged in investigating the existing conditions in the departments at Washington. Commissioner Ware of the pension bureau is in favor of employing bright young men, since he can get more work out of them. He has put into the bureau 150 young men, reducing the average age of the employes to between 51 and 52 years. Some of his men are over eighty years of age. He would have the government fix an age for clerks to retire. At the present the commissioner is engaged in "getting old chunks out of the wood pile," i. e., clearing up old cases. There are pending in the bureau 240,000 applications.

A very valuable, practical and gigantic work is being incubated by Prof. Spillman, agrostologist to the Department of Agriculture, for the St. Louis fair. It will be when hatched a physiographic out-of-door crop map of our entire country—an object lesson showing what grows in the different states. A small patch of earth will represent each state, the one for Illinois being 75 feet long. Delaware and Rhode Island will be as large as a sofa cushion. The District of Columbia will be too small to be seen. The Southern states are to be planted with cotton, beans and tobacco; Vermont with maple sugar; Maine and Minnesota with pine trees, and Arizona which has but one half of one per cent. of fertile farm land is to bloom like the rose, with 43 per cent of alfalfa, 30 of wheat, 10 of barley, 10 of corn, etc. This will impress foreigners immensely and induce a healthy emigration to the arid sand wastes of that far-off region. It should be explained that an "agrostologist" is one who agrostologizes.

The Department of State is very active, and Secretary Hay is ably looking after the affairs of collective humanity. His note to the powers suggesting that the integrity of China must be preserved whatever the result of the war is regarded as a blow to Russia. He also proposes that England, Germany and France shall assist the United States in limiting the sphere of actual hostilities, but it is not proposed to enforce this suggestion vi et armis. These propositions are purely benevolent, in the interests of the whole world. The prospect is that the United States will soon be forced to establish a protectorate over San Domingo. The conditions there are becoming intolerable.

On the 11th inst. after several days of spirited debate, which developed much opposition to the scheme, the House voted to loan the St. Louis Exposition the sum of $5,000,000. Congressman Payne, Republican leader of the House, Gen. Grosvenor of Ohio and many other Republicans objected to the loan, contending that if the managers of the exposition had such good security to offer they could obtain the money from banks or private individuals. It was asserted that millions of money had been sunk in permanent improvements for the benefit of St. Louis and that in this way the city was receiving back much of the money it had put into the enterprise. Congressman Crumpacker of Indiana closed the debate with a fervid burst of oratory which elicited cheers, and the bill was adopted by a large majority. He said the fair had grown to be much larger than was at first anticipated by reason of the fact that Germany, Italy, Japan and many other nations had demanded a vast amount of room and would not exhibit unless it could be had. The opposition to the loan was confined to no party or section of the country. It is felt in Congress that booming fairs for all sorts of anniversaries and events has become a national industry, and that self-appointed commissioners who have the disbursing of the funds are not over particular how they get them, or what they do with them.

A three thousand invitation reception was given by the President on the 11th inst. in compliment to the army and navy. The Secretary of Agriculture gave a dinner to the President on the 9th inst. The President was delighted with the extraordinary menu, pot roast, codfish balls, cabbage and bacon, mince and pumpkin pies, sweet cider, Indian pudding, crullers, marble cake, etc. The trial of A. W. Machen thus far for conspiracy has developed nothing of importance. No one will be surprised at a verdict of "not guilty."

Good Spirits.

Good spirits don't all come from Kentucky. Their main source is the liver—and all the fine spirits ever made in the Blue Grass State could not remedy a bad liver or the hundred and one ill effects it produces. You can't have good spirits and a bad liver at the same time. Your liver must be in fine condition if you would feel buoyant, happy and hopeful, bright of eye, light of step, vigorous and successful in your pursuits. You can put your liver in fine condition by using Green's August Flower—the greatest of all medicines for the liver and stomach and a certain cure for dyspepsia or indigestion. It has been a favorite household remedy for over thirty-five years. August Flower will make your liver healthy and active and thus insure you a liberal supply of "good spirits." Trial size, 25c; regular bottles, 75c. At H. C. Wells'.

Our Sale is Just Beginning

The old adage—"Large Bodies Move Slowly," illustrates pretty correctly the progress of our sale. Like an engine on the up-grade, we keep the lever open and steam up all the time. The people who buy keep puffing and blowing about the bargains they get. And under the impetus given at the start the big engine of trade runs smoothly each day with steadily increasing momentum. The garments sold since the sale started, Jan. 19 are only a drop in the bucket compared with the number on hand at the start. What have been sold will never be missed. The only way we notice the stock depreciation is by the full cash drawyer. This sale is on yet, and will continue until stock is reduced to normal condition, be the time soon or long. We shall continue to sell overcoats and suits and furnishings and hats for man and boy at cost, and less than cost, and Y-O-U are invited.

IKE SIMONS, BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE 16-18 Main Street, Bradford, Pa.

We are sole selling agents for the

Globe-Wernicke and Yauman & Erbe Mfg Co.

sectional Book Cases and Office Devices. We can furnish your house or office complete.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, PA

We pay your railroad fare to Bradford and return on every $10.00 purchase.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's For Fresh HOME-MADE CANDIES try us.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 38, October Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Ada Marshall did, on the 4th day of June, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward L. Marshall.

We therefore command you, the said Edward L. Marshall, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Ada Marshall and show cause, if any you have, why the said Ada Marshall, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 26, 1904.

J. R. Haughney, Libellant's Attorney.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 215, June Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Dollie M. Keller did, on the 2d day of May, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the cause therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Edward C. Keller.

We therefore command you, the said Edward C. Keller, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Dollie M. Keller and show cause, if any you have, why the said Dollie M. Keller, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25, 1904.

Mullin & Mullin, Libellant's Attorneys.

Notice in Divorce.

A. D. No. 207, October Term, 1903.

MCKEAN COUNTY, ss:—THE COMMONwealth of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said county, greeting:

Whereas, Margaret May Bishop did, on the 31st day of August, 1903, prefer her petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said county, praying for the causes therein set forth she might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you, Frank Bishop.

We therefore command you, the said Frank Bishop, that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever, you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at a Court of Common Pleas there to be held for the county of McKean, on the fourth Monday of February next to answer the petition or libel of Margaret May Bishop and show cause, if any you have, why the said Margaret May Bishop, your wife, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony, agreeably to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided. Herein fail not.

A true copy.

CHARLES E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Gallup & Bouton Libellant's Attorneys.

In the District Court of the United States For the Western District of Pennsylvania.

In the matter of
John Wells Voorhees, } No. 2372
Bankrupt. } in Bankruptcy.

To the creditors of John Wells Voorhees of Smethport, in the County of McKean and District aforesaid, a Bankrupt.

Notice is hereby given that on the 8th day of February, A. D. 1904, the said John Wells Voorhees was duly adjudicated bankrupt, and that the first meeting of his creditors will be held at the office of Lee Spence, Bradford, Pa., on the 22th day of February, A. D. 1904, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at which time the said creditors may attend, prove their claims, appoint a trustee, examine the bankrupt and transact such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

JOSEPH M. MCGURK,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

Shoes! Shoes! Shoes!

That's our business—dealing in Shoes—and we carry a large and complete assortment of fashionable Shoes at prices that are sure to please.

We aim to please all our customers and judging from past experience we believe we do.

If in need of anything in the line of

FOOTWEAR

come in, examine our line and get prices.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.

That Feeling Of Comfort

which we all like comes oftenest to those who are careful in all their affairs. Carelessness breeds discomfort and this is especially true of

Plumbing

work. And the result is the same whether the neglect be yours in not sending for the plumber at the first signs of defect or his in doing careless or inefficient work. If you will send for us in time we guarantee that there will be no discomfort after your job is finished—not even with the bill.

EDGAR W. STRONG,
BOTH 'PHONES. RUBIN BLOCK. Smethport.

BIG REDUCTIONS DURING JANUARY.

Clothes to Order.

May We Have Your Measure?

Our Tailoring Department is organized to run like clock work. The artistic taste of our cutter, the skill of our tailors and the value in our woolens are all on a par. Everything is the best money can command, yet we are not high priced.

A tailor should be judged by the clothes he makes, not by the prices he asks. Judge us that way.

We Take the Risk of Pleasing You.

Cutter, maker and finisher must all work in harmony or there can be no sureness of style and fit; from the first snip of the shears till the last inspection, the suit or garment is never for an instant in the jingle of uncertainty.

Try us on your next Suit or Overcoat.

Remember the garments are not yours until you say "perfectly satisfied."

H. W. RUBIN.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

SMETHPORT, PA.

When visiting store of

D. C. YOUNG

Do not forget to call for

Purple Trading Stamps.

When your book is full you can get one of the best premiums ever offered for stamps.

AM REDUCING THE PRICE OF MANY

Winter Goods

I have fitted up a bargain counter upon which customers will find many things of interest to them.

Do not fail to look at

Flannelette Wrappers for Women

Have a large lot of them which I have bought very cheap and am selling for cost. Have also a lot of New Spring Goods which were brought before the advance in price of cotton. It will pay you to look at my stock before buying elsewhere. Trading stamps given with every purchase of ten cents or more.

D. C. YOUNG,
SMETHPORT, PA., Jan. 20 1904.

A NEW JEWELRY STORE.

Kerr's Jewelry Store, formerly of Mt. Jewett, Pa., is now located in the Clark building, Main St., where we will be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock, consisting of

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, CLOCKS,
RINGS, Novelties in SILVER & JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE, RICH CUT GLASS,
SPECIALTIES, ETC, ETC.

All goods of the best make and guaranteed. Watch, clock, jewelry and spectacle repairing and engraving a specialty. We can duplicate any broken lens. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Come and get our prices. At

KERR'S

Burdick's Music Store, Smethport, Pa.

KODAKS.

We carry a full line of the best Kodak made—The Eastman. All purchasers are given full instructions how to use the instrument and develop pictures.

SUPPLIES.

A complete line always on hand for our customers.

McCoy's Drug Store.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS,
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main Street, Smethport. Specht & Sasse.

SOMETHING NEW

Coming in all the time, in fact you will always find here the most complete assortments in all our departments and what's more, at the right prices.

OUR BIG WHITE GOODS SALE

which continues all this month, is very popular with every one who appreciates extraordinary values and an immense stock to select from.

BELTS

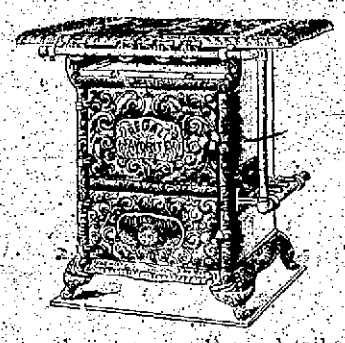
All the latest fads, Plain Gold Bands, White and Gold, Black and Gold, Silk and Leather Girdles, and a great many other styles.

SKIRTS

New SPRING SKIRTS in the Round or Walking Lengths. The cloths and styles were never so beautiful.

All remaining Coats and Furs go at about half price.

RED STAMPS **F. G LINDHOLM & CO.** RED STAMPS



AN UNASSAILABLE POSITION.

Favorite Gas Ranges hold that position which comes only thro Quality. We absolutely guarantee them to you. Every detail of their manufacture has quality behind it. They are the best we know of, the best anybody can make. As a result Favorite Gas Ranges sell better and make more friends than any other gas range on the market. Herr Detlefs, one of the best noted cooks in the country, and who for the past few weeks has been conducting a class in cooking in this borough, has the following to say of the Favorite Gas Range:

"I use only Favorite Gas Ranges because I have found them to be the best. They do perfect work and are superior to all others in my judgment. I am not employed by the company who make them, or paid for this testimonial. The excellent satisfaction these ranges have given me justifies me in recommending them."

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 18, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—See "The Beauty Doctor" Saturday evening.

—Read the new advertisement of E. W. Strong in another column.

—Miss Lois Young gave a dinner to a small party Tuesday evening.

—The estate of the late Thomas Whitton of Olean is valued at $200,000.

—Rev. and Mrs. J. Heber McCandless entertained a party of friends Saturday evening.

—Smallpox is raging among the Indians on the reservation near Salamanca, N. Y.

—Edinboro Normal prepares teachers to teach. Catalogue sent free. John P. Bigler, Prin.

—F. G. Lindholm & Co. are advertising something new this week which will be of interest to ladies.

—An explosion of a wagon load of nitro-glycerine near Bolivar Tuesday caused the death of William Adams of that town.

—Mr. McClaran, with the Tidewater Pipe Co., and Leo Brown, with Hamilton Brothers, are both graduates of Warner's Business College.

—A Washington's Birthday supper will be served by the ladies of the Baptist church at the hose house next Monday evening from 5:30 to 8 o'clock.

—With a new railroad coming to Clarion the future of the State Normal school in that town is bright. The school is worthy of a large patronage.

—The Woman's Auxiliary will hold a cooked food sale at the parish house on Saturday afternoon, Feb. 20, from 3 to 5:30 o'clock. Light refreshments will be served for 10 cents.

—A man named Hennessey was arrested by Constable Jones, Monday, for begging money in various business places on Main street. The man was given a hearing before 'Squire Knapp and committed to jail to await trial.

—A return date will be played by "The Beauty Doctor" at the New Bradford Theatre on March 7, when an opportunity will be given those who did not witness the performance Tuesday evening to witness a fine show.—Bradford Era.

—C. L. Douglass formerly of Smethport, was elected a councilman in the Sixth Ward of Bradford at Tuesday's election. Mr. Douglass has gained considerable fame during his residence in Bradford because of his ownership of the celebrated Douglass dam. His election seemed rather a surprise to some of the Bradford papers.

—General financial supervision of the athletic interests of Alfred University has been placed in the hands of a graduate manager who will be assisted by student managers of the different teams.

—We think that this borough has the largest membership of any Odd Fellows lodge in the county. It has over 160 members and is still growing. The boys have as fine regalia as any lodge in the State.—Shinglehouse Mail.

—Criminal court convenes next week and a number of important cases will come to trial. It is expected that Willis Pensley will be tried for the murder of John Beardsley at Bradford Nov. 15, 1903. This case will attract wide interest.

—R. T. Reynolds of Smethport and James Hodges of Ormsby have purchased the restaurant formerly conducted by N. M. Harrington and have taken possession of the same. The new firm has the best wishes of the MINER for success.

—The masquerade ball given at Howe's hall, East Smethport, Monday evening was well attended and everybody had a good time. The costumes showed careful preparation in most instances and were both beautiful and amusing.

—Mr. L. M. Johnson, one of Kanesholm's highly respected citizens, died at his home at that place Monday morning, at the advanced age of 84. For many years he kept the general store and was well known for miles around.—Kane Republican.

—Miss Ada Hackett and Mr. Samuel Grigsby both of this place were united in marriage at Olean on Monday. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Ethan Curtis at the Grand Central hotel. The MINER unites with many friends in extending congratulations.

—A great ice gorge which had formed near the railroad trestle below the East street bridge was blown out Saturday by the use of dynamite. Nearly one hundred pounds of the explosive was used. A large crowd witnessed the blasting operations, which were conducted by Harry Eshbaugh of Kushequa.

—A party of ten couples of young people observed Lincoln's birthday with a dance at the hose house last Friday night. The interior of the building was prettily decorated with bunting and a picture of the martyred president hung in a conspicuous place. Sidney Burdick presided at the piano and refreshments were served at midnight.

—At St. Luke's church on Sunday next the services will be at 8 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subject of the lessons will be "The Triple Temptation," and "Self Discernment." Services in Lent on Wednesdays at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. and on Fridays at 9 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. On St. Mathias' Day, 24th, Holy Communion at 10:30 a. m.

—Fred R. Smith of Bradford, a switchman employed on the B., R. & P. R. R., was almost instantly killed in the Bradford yards last Saturday morning by being crushed between the bumpers. Exactly how the accident happened is unknown as there were no witnesses to it. He was 27 years of age and highly respected. He leaves a wife and one child.

—The ejectment of two young women from the Auditorium at a public dance brings up several questions, the most important of which are: If the women weren't good enough to be there why were they invited? If they weren't good enough to be there, how did the management decide between the qualities of the women and their escort who was allowed to remain.—Port Allegany Reporter.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Colegrove and Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove entertained a large party of friends in the I. O. O. F. hall Monday evening. Progressive euchre was played and the favors were won by Mrs. W. F. Specht and Charles Nixon while the consolation prizes went to Mrs. T. H. Purtle and W. O. Herzog. Excellent refreshments were served and all had a most delightful time.

—Albert Servatius has signed a contract to play outfield with the Binghamton, N. Y., State League team the coming season. "Bake," as he is familiarly called, is a sure and fast fielder, which coupled with his batting ability will make him a valuable man to any team. Besides, he is a young man of good habits and can always be depended upon. Should the occasion demand he can give a good account of himself in the box with his "south paw."

—Few happenings in amusements will be welcomed more heartily than the engagement of the Conroy and Mack stock at the Eyceum Theater for three nights, commencing Monday, February 22. The company has been carefully selected so that good individual work may be reasonably expected from each member. There is no doubt as to their being all that could be desired. Special scenery is carried for every play and each one will be staged quite up to the Conroy and Mack standard. The opening bill will be "The Lights of Gotham," a play written around the life of Greater New York.

—Orin J. Hamlin, R. E. Burdick, C. H. McCoy, R. C. Gibson, Scott Walker, C. R. Brownell and Alfred Hagberg of Smethport and W. H. Gillup of Straight formed a festive party of Frogs which journeyed to Kane Monday night and was entertained by the members of Swamp No. 3. The party attended the comic opera, "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and enjoyed the performance after the peculiar manner of Frogs. After the performance the visitors were escorted to R. E. Verdon's restaurant and treated to a banquet embracing all the delicacies of the season. It was an enjoyable occasion and the Smethport Swamp is profuse in its praises of the entertaining abilities of the Frogs on the mountain.

A. G. McComb Injured.

An O., R. C. & B. trolley car, while rounding a curve near Olean, about 8 o'clock yesterday morning, left the track with its forward trucks, throwing the passengers to the front end of the coach with considerable force. Civil Engineer A. G. McComb of Mechanic street, was painfully hurt about the legs, necessitating his removal to the Olean House, where he received surgical attention. The injury is not of a serious nature and Mr. McComb will be able to continue his work within a few days. The remainder of the passengers on the car escaped with slight bruises.—Bradford Era.

In Regard to Fire Losses.

Burdick's insurance agency, Smethport, Pa., has received the following communications from the companies represented by this agency:

NORTH BRITISH & MERCANTILE INSURANCE CO.

Our friends will be interested in learning that our losses in the Baltimore conflagration amounting to about $1,000,000, will be paid in cash without discount immediately upon adjustment. Our instructions from London are to draw for the funds necessary to meet those claims and thus avoid disturbing our American securities.

Yours truly,
E. G. RICHARDS, manager.

INSURANCE CO. OF NORTH AMERICA.

The losses of this company in the conflagration in Baltimore will probably amount to $500,000, which amount is about one-fifth of our surplus and contingent fund which on January 1, 1904, was $2,452,410.42. It is hardly necessary for us to say that these losses will be paid as rapidly as they can be adjusted. In over one hundred years of honorable business experience this company has paid to policy holders over one hundred and fifteen millions of dollars for losses and has never failed to meet promptly an honest claim. Total assets Jan. 1, 1904, $11,206,773.87.

HANOVER FIRE INSURANCE CO.

Our interest in the Baltimore conflagration is estimated at $250,000 net, and all claims will be met with the same promptness as were those in the great fires of Portland, 1866; Chicago, 1871; Boston, 1872; Jacksonville, 1901; Paterson, 1902; Waterbury, 1902.

THE FRANKLIN FIRE INSURANCE CO.

The fire limits in Baltimore having been definitely determined we are able to advise that the total amount at risk in the burned district will not exceed $175,000. We are ready to pay all claims when adjusted without any derangement of our finances.

NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS' AGENCY.

All losses in Baltimore conflagration will be promptly settled and paid. Assets, $14,542,951.78. Surplus to policy holders, $5,137,796.37.

C. A. BURDICK, Agent,
Smethport, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Personal Mention.

Prothonotary S. E. Bell visited Bradford Tuesday.

Miss Marie Jackson of Port Allegany visited in town over Sunday.

Miss Beatrice Elliott was the guest of friends in St. Marys over Sunday.

Julius Dumjohn of Clermont was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Clement Boyd, of the county treasurer's office, visited Bradford Tuesday.

Mrs. Carrie G. Smith of Bradford was the guest of Smethport friends over Sunday.

Miss Alice Tappan of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Mrs. F. S. Churchock on Friday last.

Col. M. M. Gillette of Columbus, Ohio, was visiting friends a few days during the past week.

Mrs. R. C. Pickett and Mrs. Bert McConnell of Warren are visiting at the home of W. O. Herzog.

Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Baker, who have been in Baltimore for the past three weeks, arrived home to-day.

C. R. Tubbs of Annin Creek brought the election returns from his district Wednesday, and made the MINER a pleasant call during his stay in town.

Miss Eugenia Hamlin, daughter, Miss Jannette, Misses Helen and Ruth Forrest and Helen McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Redfield and Scott F. Redfield returned from a visit to New York Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. N. M. Harrington, who have made many friends in Smethport during their engagement in the restaurant business, have departed for New York State, and will hereafter reside on a farm near Bath. The best wishes of this paper follow them to their new home.

A. W. Leonardson, of the firm of F. G. Lindholm & Co., departed on Monday last for his home in Titusville. Mr. Leonardson expects to accept a position as traveling salesman for a Chicago dry goods firm about March 1st. Mr. Leonardson has a host of friends in Smethport who will wish him success in his new venture.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE SUCCESSFUL.

Induced Dr. Howard Company to Make Special Price.

After a great deal of effort and correspondence, McCoy's Drug Store, the popular pharmacy, has succeeded in getting the Dr. Howard Co. to make a special half-price introductory offer on the regular fifty cent size of their celebrated specific for the cure of constipation and dyspepsia.

This medicine is a recent discovery for the cure of all diseases of the stomach and bowels. It not only gives quick relief, but it makes permanent cures.

Dr. Howard's specific has been so remarkably successful in curing constipation, dyspepsia and all liver troubles, that McCoy's Drug Store is willing to return the price paid in every case where it does not give relief.

The old-fashioned idea of dosing with mineral waters, cathartic pills or harsh purgatives will soon be a thing of the past. The best physicians are prescribing Dr. Howard's specific because it really gives the desired results and on account of the small and pleasant dose that is needed.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Feb. 13, 1904:

Miss Cenia Crawford, J. W. Campbell, Lee Dwyer, Robert Evans, Geo. W. Farren, A. N. Faular, Manford Johnson, H. C. LeValley, S. D. Moore 2, Mrs. Mart Malloy, Jos. Schmier, John Vichlin.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLEY,
Postmaster.

Rejected Patents.

There are many rejected inventions in the patent office at Washington. If properly prosecuted patents can be obtained for a majority of them. Last year we procured, for clients, 243 patents in cases that had been rejected. Those having applications for patent rejected or delayed should write us. Our charges are moderate and contingent on success.

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Wanted—Girl for general housework. Apply at the residence of O. J. Hamlin.

NOTICE.

THE FOLLOWING ACCOUNTS OF ADMINistrators, Executors and Guardians, having been settled in the office of the Register of Wills, the same will be presented for confirmation at the Orphans' Court to be held at Smethport, in and for the county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, on the fourth Monday of February A. D. 1904:

First and final account of L. L. Crocker, administrator of the estate of Benjamin Crocker, deceased.

Final account of Anna R. Davis, administratrix of the estate of George M. D. Davis, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of W. A. Blakeman, administrator of the estate of W. W. Blakeman, deceased.

First and final account of Frank D. Simar and Byron R. Simar, administrators of the estate of William Simar, deceased.

First and final account of Edward L. Leonhart, executor of the last Will and Testament of Martin L. McKeel, deceased.

First, final and distributive account of Elizabeth Gillup and Fred D. Gillup, administrators of the estate of W. D. Gillup, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, surviving executor of the last Will and Testament of F. H. Arnold, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, executor of the last Will and Testament of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and partial account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Keith E. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

First and final account of John E. Dusenbury, guardian of Hugh A. Dalrymple, minor child of E. P. Dalrymple, deceased.

JOHN B. EASTMAN, Register.
Smethport, Pa., January 25, 1904.

Arithmetic

1. Find the interest on $3,180 for 1 yr. 5 mo. 15 ds. at 8%. 2. How many board feet in 50 pcs 8x9—16.

We will give three prizes for the shortest complete solutions. First prize, large arithmetic; second, cash $1; third, cash 50c. Open to all pupils of any school. Give age, name and address, with full solution and mail to Westbrook Academy, Olean, N. Y.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

FRY & HERZOG

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

We Give Yellow Trading Stamps.

WHITE GOODS EMBROIDERIES

We want you to see these new stocks while they are crisp and fresh.

Early selections are much more satisfactory in every way. We offer now a complete assortment of all the wanted weaves in white cotton goods from Muslins and Lawns to exquisite Poplins, Fissues, Etamines, etc.

The new embroideries are strikingly pretty. Our collection includes all weights and a great variety of matched sets of different widths with insertions.

Two new ideas prettily wrought are the Teneriffe and Mexican work.

ON SALE THIS WEEK.

BETTER MAKE IT A POINT TO SEE THEM NOW.

NIGHT'S COMFORT IS =LIGHT!=

Now is your opportunity to make it comfortable. Having an immense stock of MANTLES made especially for us by the Welsbach Co. we wish to reduce it and are making special inducements for one week only.

THE HOO-HOO.

The best 10c mantle made. Never sold under 10c straight. During this sale $1.00 a doz. in dozen lots only.

THE 1903.

A cap mantle that sells at 15c straight (and as good as any 25c mantle). Steady, Brilliant, Economical. During this sale $1.50 per dozen.

We have others at 10c or 3 for 25c, and 15c or 2 for 25c. The Juno Cap, a powerful mantle of 200 candle power.

We also carry a complete stock of Globes of all kinds from the most common to the best. Burners of all kinds, canopies, chandeliers and gas brackets.

It will pay you to look into this.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN,
THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE.

If it is a Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

Don't Wear Wrinkles

Or freckles or any facial blemishes when with little time and patience you can have a skin as soft and white as a baby's.

We have just received a full line of

TOILET PREPARATIONS

Try our face massage, Orange Cream.

Marbeau's Freckle Lotion is an exquisite toilet dressing.

Milk of Cucumber and Oriental Beautifier or face bleach.

They are the finest preparations made. Just try them and be convinced.

Wells Pharmacy.

Central Block — THE FAMOUS CLOTHING STORE. — Smethport Penna.

CONFIDENCE

brought the crowd to our

BIG REDUCTION SALE

which began last week. Quality and low price made a great many new customers, and pleased the old ones.

VALUES SO GREAT

have never been offered before, and now comes the

CLEANUP-SALE

of small broken lots of OVERCOATS, and to dispose of them quickly regular $7.50, $8.50 and $9.50 OVERCOATS, will go at $6.00
$10.00, $12.50 and 13.50 " " " $7.50
others reduced in proportion, ALL SIZES.

Wm. Monheimer.

HOW JIMMIE GOT HIS ENGINE

By WILLIAM WALKER IHNES

Copyright, 1906, by T. C. McClure.

It was the general understanding among all the employees of the Lawrenceburg division of the N. and Y. R. R. that which Jimmie Kincaid got his engine he would also get Nettie Oliver. But Jimmie's chance for getting an engine in the near future did not seem particularly bright. He was fourth on the list of firemen of the Lawrenceburg division, and that meant he must wait until four engineers died, reached the age of limit or were fired. Of course there was always the chance that he would be able to do something to attract the attention of the superintendent of motive power, and then he might get his engine at any time.

In the meantime Nettie had a fairly good position as telegrapher at Benson station, and Jimmie could get a chance to chat with her for a few minutes every day when his train, passenger No. 14, lay over on the siding at Benson to allow the limited mail to pass. When he had begun scraping an acquaintance with Nettie something over a year before Jimmie had used the perfect right he was thinking of learning telegraphy, and under her tutorship he had picked up a fair working knowledge of the Morse code.

Many a sly joke did the train crew of No. 14 crack at Jimmie's suddenly born ambition to learn telegraphy, but he bore all of these with equanimity and said that the knowledge might come in handy some time. After awhile it became understood among all the men that Jimmie's case was really serious, and then the jokes stopped. Even the head brakeman of No. 14, who had a reputation as a wit, forbore to make remarks about the connection between the Morse code and pretty girls.

Benson station is at the foot of Twelve Mile hill, and this hill is regarded by the engineers as the worst place on the division. The grade is so heavy that the track winds up the hill in two long loops. When you get to the beginning of the second loop your are only a mile from Benson station on a straight line, but it is six miles distant by the track. After he had mastered the beginning of the Morse code Jimmie would take hold of the whistle cord when No. 14 came up the hill on the down grade and signal "Hello" to Nettie at Benson station by short blasts upon the whistle, which stood for the dots and dashes of the code.

So things went along for a year and Jimmie's prospects of promotion got little brighter. On the records of the office of the superintendent of motive power he was still merely James Kincaid, fourth on the list of firemen with a good reputation and the prospect of succeeding to an engine in the course of five or six years. When business picked up in the fall a number of extra freight trains were put on and he got his first chance to run an engine.

On the first trip it fell to his lot to take out the third section of freight train No. 100, east bound. The third section of No. 100 was made up of thirty-one heavily loaded cars, and none of these was equipped with air brakes. As he pulled out of Adairville, the old yard master swung himself up into the cab of the engine and said:

"I think you'll pull the engine all right, Jimmie, me bye, but for the love of the saints be careful when ye strike the top of the hill this side of Benson. Faith it's a heavy train they've given ye, and if it should break in two going down that hill and then get away with no air brakes on it then there'll be the devil and all to pay."

Besides this warning, there was no fear of a wreck in two in Jimmie's heart as he nursed his engine along toward the top of the hill on the other side of which lay Benson. This is an accident which happens very rarely and which not even the most experienced engineer can success fully guard against. But as he struck the top of the hill and began to descend on the side toward Benson he felt a jerk which nearly threw him off his seat. Looking back, he saw that the worst had happened. A coupling had snapped in the middle of the train.

For the present there was but one thing to do, and that was to go down grade as fast as he could. Looking back, he could see that the rear brakeman, who was the only man on the cars which had been left behind, had made one ineffectual attempt to set the brakes and then had jumped to safety. Jimmie knew that if the fourteen cars running wild behind caught up with the forward half of the train there would be a wreck which would cause damage to the extent of thousands of dollars and blacklist, if not kill, the engineer responsible.

Faster and faster the telegraph poles on the side of the track flew past him. Jimmie's mind was working faster than it had ever done in his life. His orders directed him to wait on the siding at Benson station for the westbound passenger train to pass, and he knew that at any cost he must save the passenger. Away off to the further side of Benson he could already see the faint line of smoke coming up from it, and he knew that it would arrive at Benson in just about ten minutes. He figured that his own train was going about a mile a minute and would reach Benson in seven minutes. If no alternative offered itself he resolved to put on all brakes when he got to the foot of the hill and deliberately wreck his own train. There was a straight track for three miles on the farther side of Benson, and the engineer of the passenger train would see the wreck in ample time to come to a stop.

This plan, if carried out, would probably mean death for Jimmie, but he analyzed the situation none the less coolly because of that. Death is something that engineers get accustomed to facing. But if he could only discover some way of telling Nettie know the condition of affairs it would be an easy matter for her to throw the derailing switch after he had passed and allow the rear half of the train to come to a safe haven in the cornfield beside the track.

Down at the station Nettie heard a sound which sent her rushing out to the platform. Away up the hill she could see a freight train coming down at a terrific rate of speed. The whistle cord seemed to be in the hands of a lunatic, for the whistle was sounding in strange, unearthly shrieks. As she watched it something struck her as being strangely familiar about the way the whistle was sounding. All of a sudden it struck her there was method in the shrieks, and that, interpreted by the Morse code, they were saying, "BN, BN, BN," her station call. This was continued for a few seconds, and then began: "Broke in two! Throw derailing switch when first section is past station." Three times this was repeated, and then the engine went around the curve at the further end of the loop, and she could hear the whistle only faintly.

But she heard enough, and when Jimmie's engine whizzed past the station with his white face pressed closely against the glass at the side of the engine cab he saw Nettie standing at the switch. When the last car in the part of the train which still remained intact had passed the frog he saw her throw all her weight on the switch handle, and the signals told him that every one of the cars which were following him would pile themselves ungracefully, but harmlessly, on the soft earth of the cornfield. Bringing his engine to a stop, he ran back to the station and on to the siding in ample time to let the passenger train pass him.

The train master examined Jimmie very closely as to the necessity of piling valuable freight cars on useful agricultural land and passed the case up to the division superintendent. He examined the papers carefully, made some notes on the bottom of them and referred the whole matter to the superintendent of motive power. When Jimmie walked out of the office he was a full fledged engineer and had been congratulated on his presence of mind. And the superintendent of motive power congratulated him again a month later when the railroad lost the services of the telegraph operator at Benson station and Jimmie got a wife.

Under the Apple Blossoms.

"How sweet, how pure, they are!" she said, breathing in the fragrance of the apple blossoms on the branch he bent down for her.

"Like your—like a maiden's love," he added, with deepened sentimentality.

"And how quickly they wither and come to naught—another similarity," she said, with ruthless comprehension, heading him off.

"Or turn hard and sour and fill us with pain and astringency, like silly little boys, we children are like them," he amended grimly, aware of her object.

For half a second she looked into his scowling eyes with a rebuking twinkle growing in her own.

"But if we have a little patience they grow sweet and wholesome again, and—and delicious for domestic uses—pies, for instance," she whispered between a laugh and a sigh.

The scowl turned into a bewildered stare. Then Providence sent him a spark of intelligence.

"Mabel," he cried eagerly, seizing her hands, "Mabel, I adore apple pies."

"And, and, Jack, I make very good ones," she murmured demurely.

And then—all the apple blossoms flushed a delicate pink.

St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

It is curious that St. Elizabeth of Hungary should have spent only the first four years of her life in the country which always distinguishes her name. She was only just four when her father, the King of Hungary, sent her to Thuringia to be betrothed to the nine-year-old Prince Louis, and there she remained all through her childhood and married life until her death in 1231. Perhaps, says the London Chronicle, because she is one of the few saints whose holiness did not preclude love and marriage she always seems a particularly human saint, and the tales that are told of her—how, for instance, she gave away her toys and dolls to poor children when she was but a baby herself, how the food she was taking to beggars in a covered basket turned to red and white roses when her husband lifted the lid, how she heard a bird singing to her on her deathbed and sang to it in reply—all point to the poetry and charm which are associated with her name.

She Meant Dog, Not Husband.

The late Edwin Lord Weeks, the painter and illustrator, had always a great dislike for dogs. It was amusing, his friends say, to hear him harangue against dogs, and innumerable were the stories reflecting upon dogs in an unfavorable light which Mr. Weeks had on the tip of his tongue.

"I dined last night," he said one day, "with Blank. After dinner Blank and I went into the library to look over some John Leech prints. Blank was talking learnedly about Leech when he heard his wife in the next room say:

"'Where is my guardian angel?'

"'Here I am, my dear,' Blank called. But his wife retorted:

"'Oh, I don't mean you. I mean Fido.'"—New York Tribune.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will scare away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

A FIERCE ANATHEMA.

The Blow With a Woman Flung at Jean Paul Richter.

Jean Paul Richter once observed that if a lady offered to give the word "Hail!" she would do it in the following strain: "You soldiers, all of you, now mind what I say. I order you as soon as I have done speaking to stand still, every one of you, on the spot where you happen to be. Don't you hear me? Halt, I say, all of you! Then this strong minded woman made the following comment: "Now, Mr. Jean P., was an unlucky day on which you wrote that sentence. May you never hear anything but that little concise word 'No' from every fussy pair of lips you meet. May you halt wifeless through life. May your buttons be snappish, your strings knotty and your stockings full of holes. May your bootjack be missing, your feet corny and your shaving water cold; your razor dull, your hair stand up, your collar lie down. May your beard be porcupiny, your whiskers thinly settled and your mustaches curl the wrong way. May your coffee be muddy, your roast smoky and your tea water bewitched, and, with a never dying desire for affection, may you crawl through creation a meek, miserable, nasty, forlorn, ragged, fussy, ridiculous, ruined, dejected old bachelor."

THE ABUSED OYSTER.

Fattened For the Vulgar Crowd and Deprived of His Fine Flavor.

The oyster in his glory is a rich, dark colored, shapely inhabitant of salt water. He is plump and not swelled up, and has a delicious, incomparable salty flavor which nobody who really knows him and has the taste to appreciate him would ever dream of spoiling with crude condiments. But rarely will the oysterman send such an exquisite creature to market. It is not fat enough or white enough for the vulgar crowd. So he puts it in fresh or nearly fresh water to "fatten"—that is, he draws off the fine natural juices by a process of osmosis—and substitutes therefor a quantity of water which distends it like a balloon and makes it just as tasteless. But it looks fat, like a scrawny Christmas turkey judiciously fed by an air pump. Then it is put before the American as an oyster, and the American, who judges his food and drink largely by labels, pours over it salt, pepper, tabasco, Worcestershire, horseradish or what not and thinks it is all right. He might as well have any sort of sea urchin that was soft and puffy and wet as a sponge for the collections which he used to make himself believe that an oyster tastes like something.—New York Tribune.

A DRINK OF WATER.

Why It Is a Good Plan to Take One Before Breakfast.

In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus, spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time the tenacious mucus will interfere to some extent with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water taken before breakfast passes through the stomach into the small intestines in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partially distends the stomach; it thins and washes out most of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fullness of the capillaries of the stomach directly if the water is warm and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold. Care must be taken not to take cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in an advanced age nor in the feeble whether old or young, nor should it be taken in local troubles like gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial.—London Family Doctor.

If Quail Are Scarce, So Are Turkeys.

"I don't know whether you ever noticed it, but it's a fact just the same that whenever we have a year in which quail are scarce the same is true of turkeys," said a prominent meat dealer the other day. "Prolonged wet weather in the spring or in the early summer is fatal to young quail and turkeys alike. Both are extremely tender, and the weather has much to do with their successful rearing. I have watched this thing for years, and invariably a poor quail year means a scarcity of turkeys and high prices."—Youngstown Herald.

Rather Fruitless Advertising.

It is an open secret that tailors make presents of elegant clothing to prominent persons, in consideration for which the latter are expected to mention the maker, casually, to be sure, but as often as possible. Other firms are known to employ persons who, when occasion offers, say in a crowded street car, converse naturally, but quite audibly and energetically, on the merits of their employer's establishment.—International Quarterly.

The Wail of the Victim.

"You can't get something for nothing," said the man who affects proverbs.

"No," answered the easy mark; "I can't. But the people with whom I do business seem to manage it every now and then."—Exchange.

Social Tact.

Mrs. Chic—In the closest analysis, what is social tact? Mrs. Au Fait—My dear, it is getting familiar with all sorts of people without letting them get familiar with you.—Indianapolis Journal.

We must not sit down and look for miracles.—Eliot.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $2.00 IN ADVANCE.

THE BULLFIGHT.

Mexicans Usually Leave the Arena Dejected and Disgusted.

"I was born and reared in the republic of Mexico, and I never yet have witnessed a bullfight," said a prominent and wealthy resident of the Mexican capital.

"This form of amusement was never to my liking, and, though I have no criticism for those who go, it cannot be pictured as an entertainment that appeals to people of refined taste and humane feeling. Yet it is a sport that makes people become in a way devotees, and the bullfight habit once cultivated is difficult to break. I have heard Americans after witnessing their first exhibition declare they would never go to another, and yet these very people are apt to become the most habitual attendants. Except on rare occasions our native women do not attend the fights, but now and then they go when the proceeds are to be given to some charity.

"One of the curious phases of these performances is the enthusiasm with which the crowds start forth to view it and the subdued and melancholy way they leave when the fight is over. Instead of the eager looks and murmurs of expectant pleasure, most of the spectators return dejected and disgusted. The sport rarely comes up to the anticipation of the public. The matadors breed carelessly in this point or that, and though advice was hurled at him on all sides, he did not profit by it. Many give vent to their disgust in angry epithets and yet next Sunday finds them at the ring as usual."—Washington Post.

HIS FOOLISH REMARK.

A Statesman Who Was Made and Unmade by Newspaper Men.

A certain young man was sent to congress. He delivered a clever maiden speech. The correspondents liked him. They wrote him up in their dispatches. His pictures were printed in the newspapers, and anecdotes of his life appeared in many journals. He was alluded to as a prospective speaker of the house, and it was generally agreed that he would do great things after he had been elected for the second term.

One day a correspondent called upon the young statesman. He was engaged with some constituents; so the newspaper man sent in his card. When it was handed to the embryo speaker his constituents offered to excuse him.

"Oh, no," he said, with affected carelessness, "it's only one of those penny a liners outside. He can wait until I get ready to see him."

The door was ajar, and the correspondent heard the remark. He had met such men before. He hastened back to his office, and that night there was a meeting of correspondents.

"What do you want us to do," asked one of the men, "resist him?"

"Oh, no," was the reply, "not that."

"What, then?"

"Why, simply ignore him."

He was ignored. And his first term in congress was his last.—Schoolmaster.

Unique Family Circle.

A small town in Bavaria can boast of what may be described as a unique family circle. A shopkeeper resident there includes among his household three living mothers-in-law, each with a mother of her own; his own mother, his third wife and four daughters in their teens. The twelve women are reported to live on terms of the greatest amity, and the shopkeeper himself, who is fortunately in good circumstances, professes to be perfectly contented notwithstanding that he is thus the unfortunate of his family. The incessant banter to which he is subjected he philosophically welcomes as tending toward the better advertisement of his business.

An Ultra Modern Child.

Margaret's mother numbers among her friends several schoolteachers; and, although she is not yet five, Margaret has observed some things. Not long ago a family of kittens broke out entree into Margaret's home, and she was most anxious to keep them all. Her mother objected on the ground that they were all girl pussies and would eventually grow up into mother cats.

"No, they won't, mother," said Margaret very earnestly. "I won't let them be mothers. I'll train them to be teachers."—Brooklyn Life.

The Silver Bridge.

One of the customs observed at a Bohemian marriage feast is that of making the bride cross a silver bridge. The bride's father-in-law lifts her on to the table, where she walks on two rows of silver coins, at the end of which her husband stands and receives her into his arms. The silver bridge typifies the wealth with which her bridegroom hopes to smooth her path in life.

A Crushed Genius.

"So Josh didn't hold his position very long?"

"No," answered Mrs. Cornfossel. "But it wasn't the boy's fault. It wasn't six weeks before he knew so much more about how to run the business than the man who owned it that they got jealous and discharged him."—Washington Star.

Easily Believed.

"Many have said that if Longfellow were living today he could not sell his poems," remarked the girl with the book.

"I'm sure of it," replied the amateur poet. "Why, I haven't been able to sell mine."—Philadelphia Record.

A little boy in a Virginia Sunday school, when asked to tell something about Solomon, replied, "He's the man that knowed it all."—

INSURANCE. Life, Fire and Accident written by W. F. SPECHT

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—J. W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Bartlebaugh.
Secretary of Internal Affairs—T. B. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Associate Judges—S. Erle Sayles, Ulysses. A. Comb, Jr., W. Campbell, Kane. J. W. McKean, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
County Surveyor—E. Mayo, Mortimers.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane. J. A. Peterson, Bradford. W. B. Walsh, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—Geo. Griffiths, Kane.
Auditors—Oliver Rogerson, Smethport; H. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Ifflberg, President; Silas Taylor Raymer, secretary; G. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, C. H. Redfield, J. H. Hagney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Vanhoose, S. D. Risher.
Justices—B. A. Kapp, R. C. Gwaltney.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—Carl Sasse.
Assessor—J. A. Holder.
Auditors—G. C. Meeks, G. C. Cole, Jr.
Judge of Election—G. V. Jenkins.
Inspectors of Election—C. B. Burlingame, F. F. Freeman.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street. W. A. Appelbee, W. M. W. F. Specht, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second, and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings. Wm. Bunnell, N. G. W. G. Holder, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 243, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall. S. T. Swanson, Chief Patriarch. H. M. Choate, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall. E. R. Mayo, Com. H. L. Burlingame, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall. Mrs. Axtell Grigsby, Pres't. Mrs. Rose Pierce, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 18, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall. Z. U. Gifford, M. W. J. C. Gallup, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall. H. C. Wells, Com. W. H. Morrison, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Broad Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons. Mattie E. Hance, Com. Lizzie F. Hones, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m. James Lynch, Pres't. Thomas Clark, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Church. Mrs. Jane R. Forsythe, Pres. Mrs. Mary E. Richmond, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Mary A. Dennings, Sec'y. Pres.

Phoenix Chapter No. 18, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall. Miss May Choate, W. M. Mrs. Rose Malcolm, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday. L. F. Wilcox, S. L. K. Hogarth, C. of R.

Churches.

Methodist Episcopal. Gaylord H. Patterson Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 26, 1905.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

Buffalo Express, daily except Sunday, 9:12 a. m.
*Buffalo Mail, daily except Sunday, 2:34 p. m.

*Train leaving Smethport 2:34 p. m. connects at Olean with Extension to Division for Allegany, Salamanca, Oil City and Pittsburg.

For Clermont.

Train 122, week days..... 11:00 a. m.
Train 126, week days..... 7:12 p. m.

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points south:

Train 121, week days..... 9:12 a. m.
Train 123, week days..... 2:34 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, ottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:23 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:45 p.m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:25 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:30 a. m., New York 7:05 a. m., Baltimore 2:30 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:20 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:35 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia [illegible] a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days, [illegible] a. m. Sundays), Baltimore [illegible] a. m., Washington 8:35 a. m. Vestibuled limited sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:12 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH	STATIONS	SOUTH
A. M. Lv.		Ar. P. M.
9 35	Ridgway	12 01
9 50	Johnsonburg	11 46
10 15	Glen Hazel	11 27
10 18	Straight	11 18
10 20	Instanter	11 15
10 26	Smith's Run	11 09
10 31	Woodvale	11 02
10 40	Clermont	11 00
A. M.		A. M.

Connections are made with train 3, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:03 a. m. for Erie, and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:50 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:40 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Asst. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Bradford, Bordell & Kinzua Railway.

Time Card in Effect May 17, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:30 a. m.—Daily except Sunday, for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Allen, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with the Baltimore & Ohio R. R. for points south and with the Penn'a. R. R. for points east and west.

10:15 a. m.—Train to Kane, Bradford and intermediate points, making close connections at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Irvineton Corry, Union City and Erie.

1:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Allen, Kinzua Jct. and Bradford, connecting at Bradford with Erie R. R. for all points east and west. Also for Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Kane with P. R. R. for Warren, Irvineton, Corry, Union City, Erie, Baltimore, Washington and Philadelphia.

Trains arrive at Smethport at 9:30 a.m., 6:40 p. m. and 9:30 p. m. daily except Sunday.

For tickets and full information call on or address Fred Cummings, Ticket Agt. Smethport.

A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Bradford, Penn'a.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R'y.

In effect Dec. 27, 1903.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:55 a. m.—For Olean and intermediate stations. Connecting with P., B. & R. for points north.

12:00 m.—For Mt. Jewett and intermediate stations, arriving at Mt. Jewett at 12:50 p. m.

5:25 p. m.—For Angelica and intermediate stations, arriving at Angelica at 8:00 p. m.

7:30 p. m.—For St. Marys and intermediate stations, arriving at St. Marys at 12:30 p. m. connecting with P. R. R. for the east.

Trains arrive as follows: From St. Marys, 8:55 a. m. From Olean 12 m. and 7:30 p. m. From Mt. Jewett at 1:15 p. m.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MAHONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

C. COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1907.

Ar. Eastward A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv Westward Ar.	A.M.	P.M.
8.55	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.43	2.19	Oswell	7.27	2.32	9.19
7.42	0	1.57	Cline	0	2.34	9.20
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.33	2.37	9.26
7.37	6.45	1.50	New Bed June	7.37	2.42	9.32
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.46	0
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.40
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.55	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.02	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudersport	0	3.26	10.35
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport		P.M.	
4.20	8.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.25
4.05	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0
4.00	7.58	12.09	Olmsted	8.47	6.05	1.31
3.52	7.33	12.05	Mina	8.57	6.10	1.37
3.45	0	11.59	Knowlton	0	6.17	0
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0
3.20	0	11.30	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp. Ar.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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MISS HALLOWAY OF CHICAGO

By MARY WOOD

Copyright, 1896, by T. C. McClure.

She was so decidedly petite that even when she drew her figure to its greatest height the assumption of dignity was laughable. But her eyes sparkled dangerously as she faced the bellboy.

The bellboy was impressed. He eyed the door as if meditating escape before she proceeded to stronger methods.

"Now, see here," she exclaimed belligerently, "this is the third note I have written to the office, and I want a reply this time."

"If you would go down to the desk," the bellboy insinuated apologetically, "Mr. Parker"—

"No, I will not go down to the desk," Miss Halloway interrupted decidedly. "That head clerk Parker, or whatever name he answers to, shall come up here or I will know the reason why."

The bellboy departed promptly. "And, by the way," she called after him, "just inquire along some overnight blanks on your way back. I have a few things to say to my father and some of his friends concerning the lack of accommodations at the Great Eastern."

"Oh, Belle, Belle," wailed Mrs. Halloway, whose simple form had collapsed in one corner of a red plush sofa, "how can you make such a disturbance? Now, if your father was only here. But the two of us alone, without a protector!" And she raised her eyes distractedly.

"Protector, fiddlesticks!" said the energetic Miss Halloway. "Have you no spirit, mother?" She began to pace the floor excitedly. "Would you be treated as a nobody—you, the wife of Thomas P. Halloway? Consider your position."

Mrs. Halloway doubtless considered her position—she was absolutely at the mercy of her daughter's scathing tongue; therefore she maintained a discreet silence.

"They must be taught the difference due to us, the Halloways of Chicago," said the girl. She was growing stormy and possessed of the foliage as well as the grapes of wrath.

The bellboy was receiving his instructions from the clerk. He was a fellow fun of [illegible] the avenue. He says he's coming."

Miss Halloway seized upon the blanks and dashed pencil in hand at a table beside the writing desk. "There will probably be ample time to get off the telegrams before he comes. Things don't quite step at the Great Eastern."

"But, Belle," Mrs. Halloway protested as the bellboy had closed the door in reverential fashion, "had you not better slip on another waist, Mr. Parker"—

"Mr. Parker!" her daughter interrupted superciliously, "is a hotel clerk a servant? This dressing suit is good enough for him."

She dashed off a telegram and read it aloud reflectively:

Dear Dad—We are being shamefully treated at the Great Eastern. If things are not remedied we will change to the Grand tonight. Don't worry. I am running this affair, and you can bet on me.

ARABELLA HALLOWAY.

"I think that will make things hot for the Great Eastern," she said triumphantly. She did not hear the knock at the door nor its noiseless opening. Her mother's voice startled her. "Belle, here is Mr. Parker, to remember."

Miss Halloway's voice trailed off into a disdainful silence. Miss Halloway straightened up in her chair with the laudable pride of a judge about to consign someone.

"Mr. Parker," she said impressively, "I have called you here to complain of the treatment to which we have been subjected by this hotel." She became illustrative enough, but the words soon rumbled over each other in her volubility. "How dare you," she cried, "how dare you put us into this stuffy back room, an eight dollar a day room, when we have always been accustomed to our eighteen dollar suit? Do you know who we are—the Halloways of Chicago? Is not our money as good as or better than other people's?"

The clerk remained silent. And now for the first time Miss Halloway looked up—far up—and encountered the serene gaze of his brown eyes.

Mr. Parker, the clerk, was tall—un, usually tall. But it was not merely his inches which gave authority of bearing. It was his self confidence, his mental poise. Intuitively Miss Halloway of Chicago realized that here was a man who would always be the master of circumstances no matter how adverse the contrivings of fate. Her judicial complacency vanished, and shame, not checked and defiant, stood as a culprit at the bar, for a twinkle lurked in the cool depths of the brown eyes as he said gently:

"I can agree with you, Miss Halloway of Chicago, but only in part. Your money is as good as that of other people, but no better. At the Great Eastern guests come first served, and that, with a half hour's duty, we have been ordered to give this room to Miss Halloway of Chicago."

His tone was courteous, but the girl felt the sting of underlying reproof. It was a new experience for her. All her twenty years had not discovered a person who should dare to cross her. The great T. P. Halloway himself lacked the necessary courage or, rather, he openly encouraged her willfulness as a reincarnation of his own indomitable spirit. As for Mrs. Halloway, she was always a minus quantity on such occasions as demanded firmness. She preferred to be comfortably seated and wring her hands gently. Tears came easily and in nowise interfered with her heart action or gradual increase of avoirdupois.

Now she looked entreatingly at her daughter and murmured, "Oh, Belle, don't, don't!"

Miss Halloway did not hear. Her world seemed falling about her ears. For the first time the shameful helplessness of her sex overcame her. But woman's wit came to her aid. Her lips trembled piteously, and two large tears ran down her cheeks.

This was a new method of warfare. The redoubtable Mr. Parker stood aghast; then, as became a prudent general, threw out scout lines.

"Really, Miss Halloway," he said soothingly, "the whole thing is a trifle which we have foolishly exaggerated. In the morning you will laugh at your fancied grievances."

But still the girl's head was hidden in her folded arms, and her shoulders heaved. Mrs. Halloway sobbed, swaying comfortably back and forth. "If your father were only here," she wailed.

Mr. Parker looked from one to the other despairingly. He was a young man. A woman's tears are sacred—to the chivalry of youth. He cast discretion to the winds and capitulated.

"Don't cry, Miss Halloway," he implored, "please don't. I think that perhaps I can arrange the matter. A personal friend of mine has one of the suites. Perhaps for you, yes, I am sure I can arrange it."

"On your word and honor?" asked Miss Halloway of Chicago in a muffled tone.

"On my word of honor," he promised recklessly.

The girl lifted her head and laughed. She had not been crying at all. "You can stop your crying now, mother," she said cheerfully; "it is all over with." She turned to the astonished Mr. Parker and extended her hand frankly. "And since you have acceded to my request," she said sweetly, "let me apologize for having asked it—well—rather peremptory fashion. It is a way I have, unfortunately. Of course your promise holds good?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Parker a trifle stiffly. He could not avoid taking her outstretched hand. "Of course," he repeated more heartily as some mesmeric influence radiated from her finger tips to his. There was added respect as well as admiration in the brown eyes. He recognized her powers as a strategist.

Miss Halloway laughed. "I swan, but I would not have if you had proved a gentleman. Mamma and I are very pleased to meet you, even in this informal fashion."

Mrs. Halloway beamed upon them. Peace and harmony were essential in her scheme of things.

And, peace and harmony and Mr. Parker ushered her and her daughter to the next row of seats. Mrs. Halloway beamed, Miss Halloway was radiant. Mr. Parker was assiduous—so insidious, in fact, that Thomas P. Halloway on his advent on the scene fell easily upon his future.

He did not hesitate, but Mr. Parker spoke first. It is a way youth has. And he did not mince matters. He struck straight from the shoulder.

"Mr. Halloway, I love your daughter; she loves me. We are going to be married. Have we your approval?"

"The mischief!" ejaculated the astounded T. P. Halloway. "Why, you're nothing but a hotel clerk. My daughter"—Words failed him.

Mr. Parker was quite unmoved. "She does not object," he said easily. "Some day I shall own this hotel, then you will not object."

T. P. Halloway glared at him. "I will," he snorted. "And the sooner you take yourself off the better it will be."

"There is Belle to be considered," Mr. Parker insinuated gently. "She usually has her own way."

T. P. Halloway, weakened visibly. "Yes, she usually does," he repeated more calmly.

And the matter of her marriage proved no exception to the rule. She did. And that is how Miss Halloway of Chicago became Mrs. Parker of New York.

Realistic.

Actors frequently receive unexpected proof of the realism of their art. This story, which is reported from a Chicago theater, is like the story of the artist who painted a fire so vividly that his servant threw water on it.

"Hamlet" was the play. In the gallery two small newsboys were watching with breathless interest. The last act was drawing to a close. The duel almost dragged the boys from their chairs.

Before their eyes the queen was poisoned, Laertes killed, the king killed. Hamlet killed. On the final tragedy the curtain started down. The audience was spellbound.

In the gallery sounded a chatter and crash as one of the boys bolted for the door.

"Come on, Jimmy!" he shouted back to his "pal." "Hustle up! Dey'll be extras out on dis."

To him the acting had been at least as real as news.—Youth's Companion.

A Riddle on Gratitude.

The snake was trying to shed his skin.

"Help me off with this, will you?" he said to a frog that happened to be passing.

The frog kindly complied with the request, and presently the discarded skin lay stretched along the ground.

"Now," observed the frog, "I suppose you will do with that as I do with my castoff garments—eat it."

"No," said the snake. "There is something better in sight."

Thereupon he ate the frog.

The moral of this, my dears, is that there is more than one kind of skin game, and some kinds are meaner than others.—Chicago Tribune.

AN OLD INDIAN LEGEND.

Tradition of the Origin of Wheat, Corn and Tobacco.

"I have been favored with an Indian tradition concerning the origin of tobacco, Indian corn and wheat, which, although you may have seen it before, I shall relate," said the poet laureate of all the Passamaquoddies.

"At some distant period two Indian youths, pursuing the pleasures of the chase, were led to a remote and unfrequented part of the forest, where, being fatigued and hungry, they sat down to rest themselves and to dress their victuals. While they were thus employed the spirit of the woods, attracted as it is supposed by the unusual and savory smell of the venison, approached them in the form of a beautiful female and seated herself beside them. The youths, awed by the presence of so superior a being and struck with gratitude for the condescension which she had shown them in becoming their guest, presented to her in the most respectful manner a share of their repast, which she was pleased to accept and upon which she regaled with seeming satisfaction.

"The repast being finished, the female spirit, having thanked them cordially for their attention and informed them that if they would return to the same place after the revolution of twelve moons they would find something which would recompense their kindness, disappeared from their sight. The young men having watched the revolving moons and having returned at the appointed time, found that upon the place on which the right arm of the goddess had reclined an ear of Indian corn had sprung up under her left a stalk of wheat, and from the spot on which she had been seated was growing a flourishing plant of tobacco."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NEW YEAR'S CUSTOMS.

French families always make a special point of being united at the New Year.

The Romans always make it a practice to appear in new clothing on New Year's day.

The peasants of Italy hail the New Year by beating wildly on frying pans and stoves.

The use of [illegible] dates to the New Year is [illegible] original rules with the [illegible]

On New Year's eve the Chinese merchants pull down their shutters, [illegible] ing presents and [illegible]

In Greece the [illegible] keep every [illegible] with gold and [illegible] child a New Year [illegible]

Scotch [illegible] regard the taking or money on New Year's day as a very lucky proceeding, even going so far as to pay ment of a debt.

In Germany, if pork and herrings only, on New Year's day it is believed that money will be plentiful all through the year.

In Japan, at the New Year business generally is suspended, both private and public. The Turkish body is the only man who wages.

Coal in Folklore.

Probably most policemen could have answered the question of the magistrate who asked a burglar in court why he carried about pieces of coal. Among other coal folklore is the burglar's firm faith that the possession of a piece will bring good luck, and when searched in the police station it is usually found in his pocket. A belief in coal as a talisman is said to have been held by the early Britons, and it is certainly frequently found in their burial places converted into personal ornaments, such as beads etc. Bellydancers in dreams maintain that a dream of coal is a certain sign of coming riches. Then, by there is the superstition or mirror of divination that caused such a sensation in the sixteenth century. [illegible] which subsequently formed part of the Strawberry Hill collection. It was deemed of magic coal, though the doctor pretended to have received it from the angels.—London Chronicle.

Struck Him Unfavorably.

Mr. Gaswell, who had come recently into the possession of a considerable fortune, had decided to erect a large office building and was discussing the plans with an architect.

"As to the doors, now," said the architect, "you would want them in mosaic patterns, I presume?"

"I don't know about that," responded Mr. Gaswell dubiously scratching his jaw. "I hain't got any prejudice against Moses as a man, and he certainly knowed a good deal about law, but when it comes to laying floors it kind o' seems to me I'd rather have 'em unsectarian-like. Don't it strike you that way?"

Willing to Help Him.

"My husband is so poetic," said one lady to another in a car the other day.

"Have you ever tried rubbin' his feet with barnhorn liniment, mum?" interrupted a busy looking woman with a market basket at her feet, who was seated at the lady's elbow and overheard the remark. "That'll straighten him out as quick as anything I know of, if he ain't got it too bad."

His Drawback.

"They tell me," said the junior partner, "that the man to whom we have been sending so many bills belongs to a rather fast set."

"Well," answered the senior partner, "he may belong to the fast set, but he's a slow settler."—Exchange.

Fugitive Poems.

Poet's Little Boy—Why do you call them "Fugitive Poems," papa? Poet—Because when I begin to read them my listeners generally flee.—Chicago Record-Herald.

SMASHING AN IDOL

By CYRUS DERICKSON

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While visiting her aunt in the city in the late spring Miss Hattie Saunders, daughter of Farmer Saunders of Redfield county, attended the theater several times, and for a special reason she attended one particular play three different times. The special reason was because the hero captivated her heart within fifteen minutes after the curtain went up. In the four acts of the play he rescued his love, killed three men, rode a bucking bronco, got the best of a land shark and found a million dollars in gold in a cave. He was a man to do and to dare, and when he shouted "Zounds!" and "S'death!" while tribes of hostile Indians had to flee before him—

While the country maiden fell in love with Colonel Bings and adored his heroic mien, she had to depart for home without having told him anything about it. Other girls who also loved and adored they have told their mates and lovers, but Hattie would have died rather than do this. She possessed few books, hating her feeling from everybody, and her brother Bill and her father's hired man never took an emotion to her before. The idea of pulling out a revolver and crying "Zounds!" seemed like the rankest burlesque to her.

Providence brought things around in a queer way two months later—that is, it brought Colonel Bings, as he had been named on the programme, to the farm of Abel Saunders as a boarder. Farmer Saunders didn't hanker for boarders, and his wife agreed that it wouldn't be worth the bother, but Hattie settled it as soon as she set eyes on the stranger. Here was the hero of the play standing before her, but in real life, and she would have given five years of her life rather than fail to speak to or with him. He was out for a fortnight's vacation and was willing to sleep on a straw bed and put up with the insects on and after a little while Hattie was in the disappointed. But he didn't know her father, over the wall early and her bracing Billy over the fence in the first blush of primrose, but she was a girl of perhaps and she gave him time. She so realized that it must be hard work on the voice and muscles for a hero to be a hero all the time. He must have a day off now and then to recuperate.

HE DREW HIMSELF UP INTO AN APPLE TREE.

Supper was the first meal Colonel Bings sat down to. He didn't have any eagle feathers in his hair or buckskin fringe on his jacket or trousers, and he didn't mince his food like a hero. On the contrary, as brother Bill took occasion to remark, he "just shoveled it in" and put the hired man to the blush. It was a disappointment, but Hattie was not discouraged. She sat down with her hero that evening to draw him out. He was ready to be drawn. He said he got a salary of $80 per week for playing the part of Colonel Bings, or would have had if the manager hadn't cut sticks and left him in the lurch. The girl had made up her mind that nothing less than $1,000 per week could command such talent as that and that hundred dollar bills were as common as matches to him, and he took something of a drop in her estimation.

In the play he had saved a sweet faced heroine whose tears had captured Miss Hattie's sympathies at an early stage, although at the same time she had been quite a little jealous by her being carried around in the hero's arms when [illegible] just as well have walked. She was [illegible] to learn that the heroine was a woman of forty, who had been married and divorced three or four times and whose stage face was made up by grease and paint. The hero also further mentioned that the heroine's trunk was being held by her landlady for six weeks' board.

There was no posing on his part as he walked about under the apple trees. When he was bitten by a mosquito Hattie expected to hear him call out "Zounds!" or "S'death!" but he didn't. He called out "Thunder!" instead. When the hour grew late and bedtime came he didn't bend over her little brown hand and kick out one foot, as in the play, but bade her a brusque good night and said it looked as if there might be rain before morning.

The hero worshiper went to bed with a heartache, and the more she thought things over the more disappointed she was. She almost cried over it, but after awhile she found several excuses for Colonel Bings. He was probably tired out, perhaps he had a headache, maybe the heroine had tried to borrow money of him. At any rate, she would not believe that he was only common clay till he had been further tried.

The next morning brought hope to her heart. He was heard shouting "Egad!" and "Thou varlet!" to himself in his room before breakfast, and his manners were courtly as he sat down to tackle the fried pork and hard boiled eggs. After the breakfast things had been cleared away the girl invited him to walk across the field to the gooseberry bushes with her, and it did her soul good to see him assume his heroic stride as he walked beside her. In her mind's eye she was picturing the scene where he slew three villains and cried "Ha, ha!" in triumph, when he suddenly sprang from her side and drew himself up into an apple tree. A yearling calf was coming across the field on a run and the hero didn't mean to take any chances.

It took five minutes to assure him that he was in no danger and to coax him down, but the gooseberries were not yet at hand when a mother goose showed a disposition to attack him, and he climbed a fence and left poor Hattie to save her own life or perish by inches. The matter did not end there. He had almost recovered his equanimity and was seeking after a pose when a bumblebee bobbed up and did business. Colonel Bings was [illegible] a foot high, but instead of coming down to compose or die he descended to utter half a dozen cuss words and improve Hattie for the grin on her face.

Most girls would have made up their minds then and there that Colonel Bings was no hero, but Hattie Saunders did not want to do any [illegible] She gave him more [illegible] ing as she swung in [illegible] she remarked that she [illegible] thought she would [illegible] tress [illegible] opinion.

"It's all right for the [illegible] ed a wandering [illegible] a night's lodging. "Many [illegible] face of the [illegible] dead failure of it in a week. [illegible] stick right here till [illegible] some fishy fellow."

Miss Hattie closed her eyes for a moment to think, and when she opened them again her idol lay sprawled on the grass. She had admired and adored and was ready to love, but the veneer had peeled off, and her mahogany hero was only plain pine. He remained for [illegible] days more, and there were days when he stretched out his arms and cried, "Back, you sons of Satan, or die!" But the girl could not recall his reverence and enthusiasm. When his [illegible] was up he went, and Hattie queried of her father:

"Pape, do you think Colonel Bings is a hero?"

"I guess he is," replied the old man. "He went away owing me for the last week's board."

A Jewish View of Inspiration.

The question of revelation is always involved in discussion concerning the contents of the Bible. The ambiguity of this term would be removed if the idea of the supernatural were detached from it. The old theology must certainly count with the indisputable fact that the personal characteristics, the temper and disposition and the variable range of intellectual culture and spiritual insight are the inseparable conditions controlling every manifestation of human individuality. Where is conceded that the Bible speaks in the language of man the idea of harmonious revelation is abandoned.

If the case of the Hebrew prophets the writers of the psychological process [illegible] their ordinary messages is sufficient to understand. The intensity and clearness of their moral and religious convictions and the irresistible urgency to proclaim them they felt as an impelling force not their own, but coming from a higher source. Jeremiah and Ezekiel in a less enthusiastic state of mind acknowledge that the divine law is written upon the heart. In fact, every liberation of thought is a revelation. Spiritual experience can be nothing else than the best and noblest thoughts that the wise and good in every age have felt and taught.—Menorah.

Milesian Mendicants.

Here are some characteristic stories about Milesian mendicants:

"Could yez help a poor fellow to-day and the Lord save yez?" said a beggar to a Dublin publican. "Get away!" cried the landlord. "I've had a dozen of your kind here to-day already." "Shure, and it's meself that sadly knows how the profession is overran," replied the beggar.

Quite recently the following conversation was overheard between two old cronies. "Good morra to ye, Mrs. Fogarty," said one. "Good morra, kindly Judy," replied the other. "I hope I see you well this morning?" "Oh, very well, entirely! So, Mrs. Fogarty, ye married yer daughter Kate. Did she get a good match?" "A splendid match, praise be to heaven! She got Tilind Darby Driscol on the Dyke, that makes more money than any three beggars in Cork." "Ah, thin, but it's me that's glad to hear yer news! And did ye give her anything?" "Faix, I did, then! Didn't I give her the best side of Patrick street, which, if well begged is worth sixpence and sixpence a week?" "Upon me word, but 'tis ye that was generous!" exclaimed the other.—London Family Herald.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling, no baking; simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers to-day.

LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY.

This Is the Most Encouraging Work For the Camera Artisteur.

The most encouraging out of door subjects for the beginner in photography are landscapes. The most important point in photographing a landscape is the selection of it; the choosing of a bit of scenery which, when translated to black and white, will form an interesting picture. You must always bear in mind that the beautiful colors which you see in nature and upon the ground glass will not be present in the photograph, which must rely for its beauty upon form and light and shade. When you wish to photograph a landscape, take plenty of time to think about it. After you have chosen your subject, determine the point of greatest interest and then decide whether the picture will look best with this point directly in the center, to one side or toward the top or bottom.

If you live near the spot you intend to photograph, it will pay you to notice at what time of year it is most beautiful. Some landscapes look very commonplace in summer, but make stunning pictures when half buried in the snow. Waterfalls often look best in early spring, because there is a greater volume of water pouring over them at that time than at any other.

A most interesting series of pictures may be made by choosing a beautiful bit of landscape and photographing it from the same point at frequent intervals throughout the year. The first picture, we will say, is taken when the ground and trees are covered with snow, the second when most of the snow is melted and the rest lies in patches here and there and the third when the fields are flooded with rains. After these would come pictures showing the trees in bud, in leaf, in blossom, with fruit and later dismantled with the frosts of autumn.—Philadelphia Record.

WHITE HOUSE STABLES.

They First of Them Was Destroyed by the British Troops.

The original White House stable was located about sixty yards south of the White House, in which are now the private grounds of the executive mansion, and was the first thing destroyed when the British captured the White House during the war of 1812. President Monroe had Adams kept their horses at a livery stable, and when General Jackson came to the White House he had a stable built at a point some distance from the presidential mansion. This stable was also used for a time by President Van Buren, but later he boarded his horses at a livery stable.

President Pierce kept his horses in a stable which was erected in the White House grounds at a point comparatively but a short distance from the mansion itself. When President Buchanan came to the White House he had the stable enlarged, and it was again enlarged for President Lincoln, who kept a large number of horses. President Johnson also made use of this stable for his horses and carriages. Up to Lincoln's time there was no water in the stable, save the limited supply obtained from a small well, and it was customary to take the White House horses to the Potomac river, fully half a mile distant, in order that they might be watered, and frequently the White House carriages were taken thither to be washed.—Outdoor Sport.

A Senatorial Tilt.

Senator Reagan of Texas, when he was in the senate was one of the men who strongly objected to being interrupted. On one occasion Henry W. Blair, then a senator from New Hampshire, tried to ask Reagan a question during the latter's speech. "I do not want to be interrupted," said Reagan, "but I will be glad to [illegible] a question."

"It is not exactly a question, but a statement," said Blair.

"Then I recede to yield," said Reagan.

"Well, the senator has missed an opportunity of greatly improving his speech," remarked Blair as he ambled toward the cloakroom.

A Bad Time to Confess.

"Here," according to the Waynesburg (Mo.) Journal-Democrat, "is the way a Boone county man confessed at a revival: He had been pressed to repent and finally got up and said, 'Dear friends, I feel the spirit moving in me to talk and tell what a bad man I have been, but I can't do it while the grand jury is in session.' 'The Lord will forgive!' shouted the preacher. 'I guess that's right,' said the penitent, 'but he ain't on the grand jury.'"

He Would Be Left.

"Huh," grumbled Mr. Skimmy, who was being uncomfortably crowded by the [illegible] fat man in the trolley car, "these cars should charge by weight!"

"Think so?" replied the fat man, "then they wouldn't think it worth while to stop for you."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Well Posted.

Nibbles Solonsh was a wise man. He knew all that there was to know. Foozle—Naturally a man with his extensive assortment of wives must have heard all that was going on.—Boston Transcript.

One Advantage.

Knicker—Do you believe in a college education? Bocker—Yes. It teaches a boy's father how to take care of his money.—Life.

Once after meant a person who could act. Now it means an appearance on the stage.—Baltimore News.

Bryant's "Thanatopsis" is based upon a passage from Horace.

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City Shaving Parlors,

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—In the latest style of Art.—

None but first-class workmen employed.

Shining Chair.

ELSIE'S GRAY HAT

By Maravene Kennedy

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"The gray hats aren't a very pretty shade this year," said the saleslady. "Brown would look well with your hair. Here's a beauty."

"I'll like this gray one," said Elsie, unheeding.

In her own room she put the hat on and studied herself intently in the mirror. Brown would have been more becoming, she decided. She was too pale for gray now.

It had been six years since she had made that promise. It was just as she bade him goodby. "You look like a pink rose in that gray hat, darling," he had said, "I shall expect to see your dear face under just such a hat when I come home." So for six years, summer and winter, she had worn a gray hat—six years in which she had heard from him but twice and that shortly after he left.

But she believed in him, loved, excused him. Aweary sometimes, but never despairing, she remained steadfast. He had gone to Africa; that was so far away and offered so many fine excuses. She feared always for his safety, but never his constancy.

It was a pretty face the mirror held, a sweet, womanly face, with a happy girlish smile. She turned away with a little sigh and went lightly down the steps into the street. It was a holiday, and school teaching was serious work with conscientious Elsie Wentworth. She was glad of the rest, the day out-doors, the sunshine and pure air.

"Where are you going, Elsie?"

It was a man's voice and a man's eyes that gazed into hers, both telling their love for the slender creature in the gray hat.

A rich glow came to her pale cheeks. So stalwart, and determined, she felt afraid of him, afraid he would make her love him, make her faithless to poor, absent Dave.

"I'm going to see Mrs. Young," she faltered.

He laughed. "It's too bad, dear. Go on to the woods, Elsie. I won't insist

THE NEXT ONE CAME IN SLOWLY, A SLENDER, GRACEFUL CREATURE.

on going. I was on my way to your place. I had hoped for this day with you."

She laughed tremulously. "I wish you wouldn't hope, Jack. I'd like to have you—for—for a friend if only"—

"I'll be content with that. Well I won't. I want you for my wife, want to have a home with you in it, want to have you to go home to, want to work, plan, save, spend, for you. It's all you, Elsie. Are you really going to Mrs. Young's, dear?"

"Jack," she said firmly, "I don't love you. I will never marry you. This talk of yours makes me unhappy. Will you please not repeat it?"

"Not till I see you again," he said good humoredly. "Another gray hat, by Jove!" his eye catching its freshness. "I believe those gray hats are my hoodoo. Something is. You love me all right, my darling. Get a white hat, Elsie, white, trimmed with blue cornflowers, just the color of your eyes. I think you'd say 'Yes' then."

"I should—then." The strangeness of her voice held him. "Goodby," she said lightly and hurried away.

Her eyes grew troubled, piteous. She did so want to see Dave. It came over her with a rush just how unhappy she was, how lonesome. Her heart ached almost to bursting. The woods no longer attracted her. She turned toward Mrs. Young's listlessly.

"You're all worn out," said that lady, with concern. "That gray hat takes the color out of your face too. Gray's not becoming, Elsie. Get a blue one next time."

"Or a green one," said Elsie irritably. Brown, white, blue, had been recommended. Why not green, red, purple? she thought desperately.

"You are worn out, that's sure," said Mrs. Young.

Elsie took off the despised gray hat and held it lovingly in her slim hands. It comforted her. She was soon chatting away gayly, but her head ached, and there was a strange heaviness weighing her down. She wanted to cry instead of laugh.

"Wait," said her friend as she was leaving. "I got a picture yesterday of Frank and Annie and a friend of theirs and her husband."

She handed Elsie the picture. There sure enough were Frank and Annie Young and—Elsie clutched wildly at the little cardboard—Dave Brady, with a woman sitting archly on his knee, his eyes gazing at her adoringly.

"They had them taken that way just for fun," explained Mrs. Young. "Annie and Emma were friends years ago, and they came across each other last month at Manila. They've both been married the same length of time—three years—and there's not a month's difference in the ages of the children. Emma's is a girl, though."

Elsie rushed blindly out of the house. Dazed, she made her way home, the pretty head sadly drooping under the faithful gray hat. She laid it off and sat down beside it and gave way to tears, tears that pride had held back till she was away from prying eyes.

Three years! And she waiting, watching, hoping, loving. Wife and baby, home, love, everything to fill his life! And she? An orphan, living alone, no one to care whether she came or went, was glad or sorrowful. She sobbed on pitifully. All night long she lay awake, going over year by year, the time between.

It was almost morning before she could believe that Dave was actually out of her life and—and—

She sat up in bed and laughed and cried all in a breath. It was most wonderful. She climbed out of bed, found the little gray hat and bit by bit tore it into shreds. She laughed again, then cried again and, all flushed and rosy, lay down and slept peacefully till long past sunup.

John Stewart sat in his office listening gravely to his patient recount his ills. He gave him a prescription, smiled, asked him about the children, bowed him out, smiled again and sat down to wait the next patient. They came oftener now. A few years before they had been few and far between.

The next one came in slowly, a slender, graceful creature, with fair flushed face peering out shyly from under a soft white hat covered with blue cornflowers, the color of her eyes.

"Jack!"

He turned quickly, gave one swift look and caught her in his arms.

"Elsie, my darling!"

Dr. Stewart was certainly not slow witted.

"When, how?" he questioned, kissing her all in a breath.

She put her arms around his neck and hugged him tightly.

"Ever since I knew you," she whispered. "I've wanted you—you—you. Oh, Jack, I can never love you enough to make up for what I've missed."

He laughed, puzzled, but blissful.

"Then why?" he asked.

She answered his kiss first, smiling and dimpled, then a frightened look flashed over the happy face. What—oh, what if Dave had been true, had come back! She hugged the doctor again frantically.

"It was the gray hat," she cried. "It was a hoodoo. I tore it up last night. I was never so happy as while pulling it to pieces."

And that was all the explanation she ever gave him, but he had the woman he loved and was as happy as is good for mortal to be.

As for Elsie, she wrote Dave a nice, friendly letter after she was married and sent his baby a present. She was so afraid he might have fleeting moments of remorse, and she felt that would hardly be fair. Which goes to show that a woman's reasoning is rather complex.

All Ready to Mourn.

Lucy is a smart young colored woman who officiates as maid of all work in a Brooklyn family. She is much esteemed by her mistress and the rest of the family, and all take a very friendly interest in Lucy and her affairs. When, on a recent "afternoon out," she appeared in a complete suit of mourning, several inquiries were made with regard to her bereavement, as she had said nothing about the recent death of any relative.

"How long have you been wearing mourning, Lucy?" asked her mistress.

"Well, 'm, this is just about the fust time Ah's worn this yere suit, and it ain't egzactly mohnin'."

"Not mourning?" was the reply. "Unless you were swathed in crape you couldn't wear much deeper mourning."

"Yass'm, Ah know de color's all right black enough, but Ah isn't really in mohnin' yet 'cause he isn't daid yet. You see, Ah's engaged to marry Clarence Jones, an' he's daown right low with an incurable disease. No'm, cahn't possibly git better. An' seein' as Ah had to buy a new dress Ah reckoned Ah might as well git mohnin' right now, then Ah'd be sure to hev it when Ah needed it."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Very Like His Dad.

M. Crapaud—Ah! So zis ees your leetle son? He look to be similaire to you. Popley—Yes, he's very much like me. M. Crapaud—Ah! How do you call 'eet? "A cheep of ze old block-head," ees eet not?—Philadelphia Press.

Of two heroes, he is the greater who esteems his rivals most.—Beaumelle.

SCENE FROM "THE BEAUTY DOCTOR," LYCEUM, SATURDAY EVENING.

After Long Illness.

"The plates on the table look strange to me, though I have used them forty years. The pictures on the walls seemed to hang in new places. The very carpets had a novel coloring, as if they had been at some magic cleansing and dyeing establishment." Dear Aunt Mary was telling her favorite niece her "queer" feelings after long illness. She was unconscious that she was repeating the story that has been told by convalescents from the time of Hazlitt till the present day.

Familiar things take on a disguise to the recovering eye. Even the face of a friend bears a new depth of meaning. "Did she use to look at me with such intensity of gaze? Did she clasp my hand so warmly? Was her voice so gentle and her word so full of hope and courage before I was sick?"

To the human creature just returning to life after lingering for days at the gates of death the whole world assumes a new aspect. Even inanimate objects seem to say: "You came near leaving us forever. No wonder you forgot our shapes and colors." And the warm, conscious, loving friend bends over us and with eye and voice says, "See, I love you more truly than before I knew how I should miss you." So after long sickness, as after a dark, cold winter, the world breaks into a new and blossoming spring.—Youth's Companion.

Mozart's Musical Memory.

Mozart had a wonderful memory of musical sounds. When only fourteen years of age he went to Rome to assist in the solemnities of holy week. Immediately after his arrival he went to the Sistine chapel to hear the famous "Miserere" of Allegri. Being aware that it was forbidden to take or give a copy of this renowned piece of music, Mozart placed himself in a corner and gave the strictest attention to the music, and on leaving the church noted down the entire piece. A few days afterward he heard it a second time and, following the music with his own copy in his hand, satisfied himself of the fidelity of his memory. The next day he sang the "Miserere" at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord, and the performance produced such a sensation in Rome that Pope Clement XIV. requested that this musical prodigy should be presented to him at once.

A Story of Whistler.

One day Whistler entered the atelier of his class in Paris and found that a red background had been arranged behind the model. At once he directed something of a duller tone to be substituted, and he scraped the red paint off the canvas of one of the pupils, putting in its place another background. But the red would show through. He scraped, studied and worked laboriously to get something that pleased him. The rest of the class surrounded the easel and eagerly watched the master. He looked up finally and said, "I suppose you know what I am trying to do?" "Oh, yes, sir!" they all chorused. "Well, it's more than I do," he replied grimly and left the place.

What Puzzled Him.

A well known clubman entered a police station and said to the sergeant, "I would like to have an interview with that burglar you arrested for breaking into my house last night." Sergeant—I don't know that I can allow you unless you first tell me what you want to see him about. Mr. Clubman—Oh, there's nothing secret about it. I just wanted to find out how he got into my house so easily; it's more than I can do at night.—Kansas City Independent.

Cheerful and Hopeful.

The men whom I have seen succeed best in life, says Charles Kingsley, have always been cheerful and hopeful men, who went about their business with a smile on their faces and took the changes and chances of their mortal life like men, facing rough and smooth alike as it came, and so found the truth of the old proverb that "good times and bad times and all times pass over."

Legal Eloquence.

A young lawyer concluded his argument in a case with the following sublime burst of eloquence: "If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client with impunity, then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought and bled and died in vain!"

Logic.

Teddie—Pa, where do we get our milk from? Father—From cows, my son. Teddie—And where do cows get their milk from? Father—Why, Teddie, where do you get your tears? Teddie (after a long, thoughtful pause)—Do they have to spank cows, papa?—Judge.

LYCEUM THEATRE

ONE NIGHT ONLY

SATURDAY, FEB. 20.

IT IS TO LAUGH FUN-FUN-FUN.

A TRIP TO THE UNEXPLORED REALMS OF JOLLITY.

FRED E. WRIGHT'S Big Musical Melange

The Beauty Doctor.

Music and Book by C. HERBERT KERR.

Additional Lyrics by HOWARD SHALLEY.

Jolly, Jingling, Joyful Music!
Bright Comedians, Comediennes!
Scenic Production of Great Splendor!
Big Ensemble of Pretty Girls Bewitchingly Gowned.
Latest Harvest of Joy in the Market!
The Twentieth Century Musical Hit!
A Positive Cure for the Blues!
Big Beauty Chorus!
Wonderful Electrical Effects!

50 Original Cast and Chorus. 50

Hear Latest Song Hits:
"The Lobster and the Mermaid."
"My Sweetheart in the Skies."
"A Little Bit of Jolly."
"Where Was Moses?"
"Pat Malone."
"The Star and the Rose."
and many others.

SEE THE SPECTACULAR DANCES.

Rough Riders Serenade
Dance of the Nations
The Sensational Culture Drill and Sextette.

Secure your seats early to avoid the jam.

LYCEUM THEATRE

3 NIGHTS ONLY, STARTING

MONDAY, FEB'Y. 22.

THE FAMOUS AND ONLY

CONROY AND MACK.

and their company of well-known comedians, producing on Monday evening the sensational melodrama,

"The Lights of Gotham."

Introducing high-class vaudeville between the acts.

A complete change of program at every performance.

PRICES 25, 35, 50.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI FACIAS, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1904,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

Defendant's interest in all that certain lot of land situate in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Being thirty-eight (38) acres off the east end of a larger tract of land conveyed to J. N. Hayes by J. C. Duke and wife by Deed dated July 1st, 1889. Subject to all the conditions, exceptions and reservations contained in the said Deed; reference being had thereto as to the oil right and the right to operate for oil thereon. Said lands being bounded on the north by lands of H. S. Baker and Clark and Robertson, on the east by lands by J. Beckwith; on the south by lands formerly of J. Traynor, and on the west by lands of J. N. Hayes, being the same lands conveyed by J. N. Hayes and wife to David Harper by deed dated July 9th, 1888, and recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, on the 20th day of July, A. D. 1888, in Deed Book Vol. 50, page 368, &c., and the same land conveyed by Frank George Hoyle by David Harper and wife by deed dated January 3rd, 1898, and recorded in Deed Book, Vol. 101 at page 187, &c., and by said Francis George Harper and wife conveyed to John Griffith by deed dated April 18th, 1898, recorded in the Recorder's Office of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Vol. No. 105, page 72, &c., and by said John Griffith this day conveyed by said John Griffith and wife to Charles H. Phillips by deed dated October 22nd, 1901, to be forthwith recorded.

Also, improved and having thereon one one and a half story frame dwelling house and two frame barns.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles H. Phillips, deft., and Morgan Spaulding, T. T. pt., the suit of John Griffith.

W. E. Bardick, Plaintiff's Attorney.

2.

Defendants' interest in all that certain parcel or tract of land situated in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post at the western corner of Park and Jefferson streets; thence southerly along Jefferson street one hundred feet (100); thence northwesterly one hundred (100) feet to Park St.; thence northerly parallel to Jefferson street one hundred (100) feet to Park St.; thence east along Park street forty feet to place of beginning. Containing four thousand (4000) square feet more or less; being the same land conveyed by Augustus W. Newell and wife to the said Duke & Co. by deed dated November 6, 1899, recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of said County of McKean in Deed Book Volume 99 at page 488.

Improved and having thereon one two story and attic frame dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Leslie Knox and O. A. Knox at the suit of Emilo Gustlan.

C. E. Judd, Plaintiff's Attorney.

3.

Defendant's interest, in all that certain piece, parcel or tract of land, situate, lying and being in the Township of Eldred, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the northeast corner of land of Arthur Young, No. 91; thence west 21 perches to the road; thence north 97 degrees west 90 perches north 45 degrees, west 90 perches to a post corner in the east line of land of David G. Rogers, No. 181; thence north 37.8 perches to a post corner; thence east 160 perches to a post corner; thence south 148.8 perches to the place of beginning. Containing 100 acres and being lot No. 172 of Keating & Co. allotment of lands in said township and part of Warrant No. 4967.

Also—A house improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one large frame barn, a good orchard and well watered.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of William Gill at the suit of Byron H. Hamlin.

John Forrest, Plaintiff's Attorney.

4.

Defendants' interest in all that certain lot of land situate in Bradford City, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the point where the north line of the right of way of the Olean, Bradford and Warren Railroad Company intersects the line of the east side of land of D. Longfellow (formerly Patterson lot); thence following said east line in a northeasterly course until said east line meets the west bounds of land of C. C Melvin; thence by a line due north far enough so that said line will strike the lands of the Producers Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company, about one hundred and sixty-three feet; thence by land of said Producers Consolidated Land and Petroleum Company in a southerly direction two hundred and forty-two feet to the north line of the right of way of the Olean, Bradford and Warren Railroad Company; thence by said north line of said north line of said right of way, west one hundred and eighty feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon one two story frame dwelling house, one frame barn and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of J. L. Goodman and Ann Goodman at the suit of The Commissioners of McKean County, now for use of the County of McKean.

Mullin & Mullin, T. F. Mullin, Plaintiffs Attorney.

CHAS. E. MAYS, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Smethport, Pa., Feb. 4, 1904.

FOR SALE!

6 only fine blooded pigs 4 weeks old Feb. 19, $3.00 each.

2 only, large English Yorkshire sows, 6 months, can be registered if you wish in pig to thoroughbred O. I. C., $25.00.

6 only, Chester white sows in pig 6 months old served to O. I. C., $15.00 each.

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East Smethport, Pa.

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Attorneys.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.
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ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.
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All legal business attended to promptly.

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Hamlin & Forrest
LAW AND LAND OFFICE, Smethport, Pa.
Office of the lands of Hamlin & Forrest (formerly Keating & Co.) situated in the counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Office in Odd Fellows Building, over the Post Office, Smethport, Pa. Office connected with long distance telephone. E. H. Mayo, notary public.

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All legal business given prompt and careful attention.

E. R. Sherman,
PENSION ATTORNEY AND NOTARY PUBLIC. Claims for Bounty, Back Pay, Pensions, &c., both War of the Rebellion and Spanish War claims given prompt attention. Special attention given to both widow's and invalid claims under the act of May 9, 1900. Office No. 32 Main street, Bradford, Pa. Telephone 302-B.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office over J. W. Voorhees' Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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Office and Residence, in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

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Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
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Teeth extracted without pain. All kinds of dental work done promptly and satisfaction guaranteed.
Office over McCoy's Drug Store.

HOTELS.

RAND CENTRAL HOTEL,
JAMES McGUIRE, PROP'R
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table is constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

HOTEL IMPERIAL,
Main street, Smethport, Pa.
Bacon, Proprietor.
This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

SARTWELL HOUSE,
PORT ALLEGANY, PA.
Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.
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COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
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—125 Main Street, Smethport, Pa.—
Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

BAYER HOUSE,
CLERMONT, PA.
This house has just been rebuilt and refurnished. The tables are supplied with the best the market affords and the accommodations are all that can be desired. The bar is supplied with the best brands of liquors and cigars.
BOYD & SMITH, Proprietors.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts,
Clams, Cigars
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The Finest and most complete line of
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